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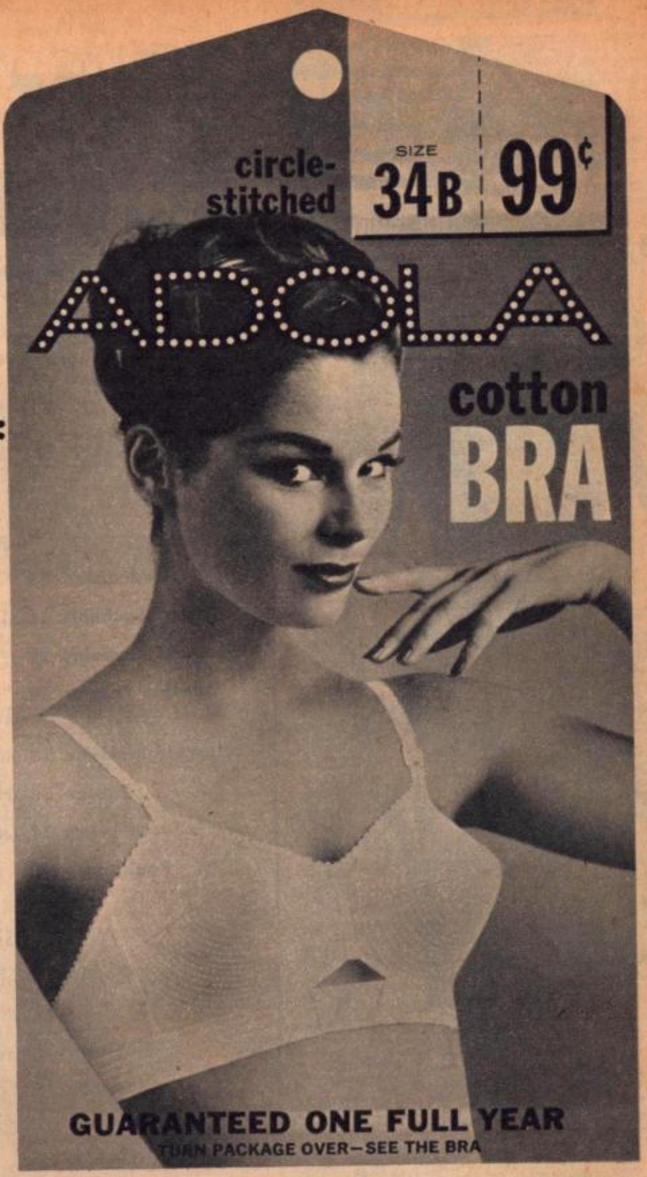

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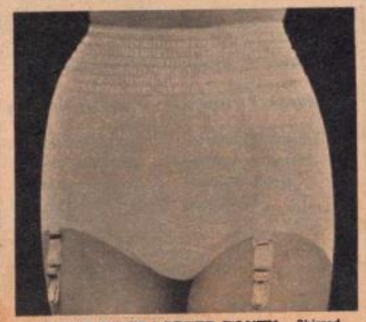

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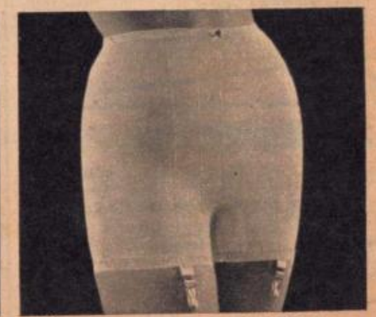

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Volume 28, Number 4
April, 1962

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Sheilah Graham's Intimate Gossip

- *Rock Hudson to cruise around world?*
- *Fans give Natalie Wood a jolt*

SHEILAH GRAHAM reporting . . . Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty were in *shock* at a recent premiere when the fans chanted, "We want Bob." Mr. Wagner, that is. The most moral people in the world are the fans of the stars. Elizabeth Taylor discovered this. So did Ingrid Bergman . . . If the Academy ever gives an Oscar to the most consistent money-making combo of today, Rock Hudson and Doris Day would be the recipients . . . I wonder if Rock will really take that trip around the world with Claire Trevor and Milton Bren in their big boat? Restless Rock says he is going, but I'll believe it when he does . . . As of going to press, *everyone* was sick in Rome—except the aforementioned Miss Taylor . . . Audrey Hepburn had to leave her villa in a Roman suburb, husband Mel Ferrer told me, when she came down with a severe case of asthma. "Too damp, and not enough heat," Mel explained.

To go back to the fans. President Kennedy was quite mystified on a recent visit to New York to hear the crowds outside his hotel screaming, "We want Frankie." And the yelling teenagers were just as surprised to see the President come out instead of singer Frankie Avalon who, they believed, was staying there . . . Fabian will twist in the party sequence in "Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation" . . . Janet Leigh caused tongues to wag in New York when she made the hot spots with handsome textiler, Marvin LeVan. "He's a friend of Tony's," explained Janet, who was waiting for her star husband to arrive by boat, or was it train, from the Argentine. Tony, like Spencer Tracy, never flies. Sometimes causes complications.

Vic Damone has been like a lost lamb since parting from his wife Pier Angeli. But he looked a little happier when I saw him at the Cafe Pompeii with a beautiful girl whose name I didn't catch . . . One of the best twisters in our town—Mrs. Clark Gable. I'm sure Clark would be glad that Kay is seeing her friends and having fun. No one can ever replace him for her, but life has to go on . . . When you see Laurence Harvey

(*continued on page 10*)

Edd Byrnes and Asa Maynor only have eyes for each other at a gala premiere.

Another romantic couple, Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty, attend dinner party.

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My student who painted above cover for book, "One Star General" has also won many national art competitions, painted for leading U. S. magazines, and America's largest corporations.

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My student who executed above national magazine advertising illustration has been a muralist, free lance illustrator for publishers, served as advertising agency art director, won awards from Art Directors Club, Chicago. These artists took training as their first step. Our training can be your first step.

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Sheilah Graham's Intimate Gossip

continued from page 6

and Mrs. Joan Cohn together you could swear they were in love. But marriage? "Never, never, never," says Mr. H. Why not? . . . Don't ever again invite Marlon Brando and British actor Richard Harris to the same picture. They fought to a fare-thee-well all during "Mutiny On The Bounty," which is finally finished, glory be, at a cost to Metro of twenty million dollars. The picture took a year to complete. Marlon told Mr. Harris, "I've been fighting all comers for years. I'm a big star and I plan to stay one." "Under the right environment he could have been great," Richard regretted.

I wasn't there, but a friend of mine saw Frank Sinatra attacked by a drunk in a Newport Beach bar. The swinger landed, not only on Sinatra, but his bodyguard as well. It's the penalty of fame. Someone is always trying to prove he's a better man . . . 'Twas denied at Metro that Ingrid Thulin had to be re-dubbed in her "Four Horseman" picture with Glenn Ford. It *was* hard to understand the Swedish discovery of Ingmar Bergman. And another voice *was* used, after Ingrid had to return to Sweden. The same problem arose, for a different reason, with the voice of Jeff Hunter in his role of Christ in "King Of Kings." It was felt that Jeff's voice was not forceful enough. But he re-dubbed his own dialogue, after some coaching from Agnes Moorehead.

With Robert Horton's "Wagon Train" as number one in the ten most popular

Liz Taylor enjoys day off from work on "Cleopatra" with husband Eddie Fisher.

After long stay in Europe, Steve Boyd's back and Tina Louise has him this night.

Bob Horton, who'll soon leave "Wagon Train," at premiere with wife Marilyn.

TV shows, it will take huge willpower for him to stick to his decision to leave the series at the end of this season. "Five years is enough," says Bob. That's what Raymond Burr said, but as you know, he changed his mind and signed for another long spell with "Perry Mason" . . . Success has spoiled Richard Boone, in my opinion. He seems morose, won't talk to people at the studio.

Reminds me, Jack Kelly would like to know what his bosses have in mind for him when the current batch of 13 "Mavericks" are completed. Jack, like most of the stars of a TV series, would like to make some feature films, where the pace is slower, and the money, higher . . . James Garner, by the way, is annoyed about the re-running of the many "Mavericks" he made. "It gives the impression that I'm still with the series." James shouldn't worry. Every producer is after him for big roles in important pictures . . . It's rather early to predict the Oscar winner for 1962—that means next April—but right now I'm betting on Raf Vallone and the amazing performance he gives in the movie version of Arthur Miller's "View From The Bridge." Raf reminds me of a young Spencer Tracy or Jean Gabin . . . Amanda Blake, the flamboyant Kitty of "Gunsmoke," is the quietest millionairess in private life. Amanda lives alone, with several dogs, cats and assorted pets for company.

Suzy Parker is clever. She didn't have to buy her way out of her 20th Century-Fox contract. "I had three more years. My salary was high. I talked with them and they let me go." Suzy plans to spend most of her working time in Europe . . . Rosemary Clooney can't understand why Jose Ferrer is being so difficult about the divorce. She refuses to discuss the reason for the divorce, except that it would be impossible for her to change her mind about it. Jose is stalling in hopes that the old charm will win her back. For the sake of their five children, I hope so . . . But the Dinah Shore sundering from George Montgomery seems final. I'm amazed that two such different people could have stayed together for 18 years.

Maximilian Schell is the new wonder boy of the screen since his "Judgment At Nuremberg" film role. Max says he does not care for the limelight too much. "Fame kills more than it helps." I wish he would be as explicit about his romance with Nancy Kwan. He told me definitely there was no such thing—"Publicity," he assured me. But he flew all the way from Rome to Hollywood just to see Nancy for 24 hours. That sounds like *love* to me.

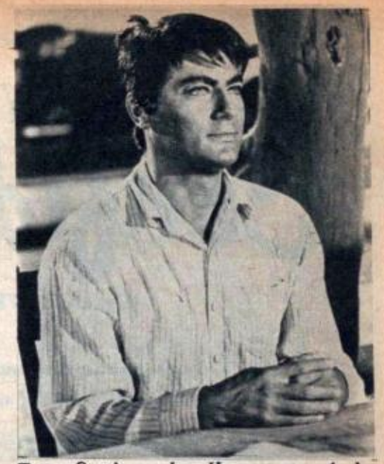
Marilyn Monroe promised George Cukor she would be on time for her "Something's Got To Give" movie. Top leading men were leery of signing because of the uncertain time element. Especially James Garner. "I have to do another film in March, and when I say I'll be there, I'll be there," he told me. So there. Marilyn . . . Kim Novak could earn a handsome living as a painter, if she didn't do ditto as a film star. Her portraits of her mother and father are excellent. But of all her works, I like best her amazing drawing of Christ. All the sadness, the love and the power is there.

I don't understand Steve Allen's decline in TV popularity. Is it because he became too serious? Or was it that he preferred to live in Hollywood and do his shows from here? This seems to be fatal for some performers. It has never affected Jack Benny or Bob Hope. But Milton Berle did badly here. And Jack Paar has never risked longer than a week or two. Steve prefers California because his children by a previous marriage are here with their mother . . . Brigitte Bardot came of age, it seems to me, when she publicly denounced the Secret Army Organization of Algiers which demanded a larger donation from her—or else. She now realizes there are greater issues in life than a certain B.B. And the first step towards happiness is to be unobsessed with yourself.

(*continued on page 58*)

WHAT'S PLAYING AT THE Movies

by RAHNA MAUGHAN



Tony Curtis as Ira Hayes, one of the heroes of Iwo Jima, in "The Outsider."

THE OUTSIDER

THE isolation of an Indian reservation is no preparation for the outside world, especially one writing in World War II. Yet, starry-eyed with faith, Pima Indian Ira Hamilton Hayes, played with great sympathy by Tony Curtis, leaves his tribe to do battle for his country. Soldiering comes to him more through tenacity than aptitude, and always there's the intense loneliness that can come from being different. However, once accepted for his own worth by James Franciscus, a fellow Marine, a sense of belonging begins to develop. Then, quick as it takes to develop a picture, two tremendous events change the future: the day Hayes became a hero, Franciscus (James Sorenson) was killed. Hayes, Sorenson, four other Marines and a Navy corpsman raised the American flag on Mount Suribachi, Iwo Jima, a moment that became the greatest wartime photograph of World War II. Hayes could not accept this hero's role, for merely helping raise a flag, when men like Sorenson were dead. To escape constant reminders of what he considered his unworthiness, he began to drink. Decline was swift. Despite efforts by himself and others to avert inevitable tragedy, Hayes died exactly ten years and one month after being touched by fame he was unable to understand or accept. Though very well done, there seems to be something more that should have been said, or perhaps said clearer about this unusual and unhappy man. (Universal-International.)

LOVER, COME BACK

ONE idea should be cleared up, and that is even though this makes them seem personally responsible, Doris Day and Rock Hudson didn't invent sex. True, as a diligent advertising executive, Rock is doing all he can to perpetuate the cause and though rival Doris disapproves of such unethical tactics in business, she, too, shoulders, if that's the word, some of the responsibility. While the two potential love-birds are crossing sabres, Tony Randall, Rock's boss, is running around looking for Band-aids. A superb specimen of neurotic instability, Randall discovers Hudson's latest affront to ethical business practices has to do with national promotion of a product that doesn't exist. This is one time Randall would be crazy not to go off his rocker. Doris also cannot be adjudged accountable for her actions once she discovers that Rock, about to seduce her, really isn't a brilliant scientist at all but that foul creature she had dedicated herself to destroy and make Madison Avenue safe, once more, for womanhood. In a hilarious comedy that doesn't need Technicolor to tell you how blue some of the lines are, everyone performs as though carried away by the mad swirl of wicked fun and high spirits. (Universal-International.)

Doris Day and Rock Hudson in a scene from the hilarious film, "Lover, Come Back."

ONE, TWO, THREE

IF HE could get Coca-Cola into Russia, businessman James Cagney figures his name would go down in marketing history. Grandiose though these ambitions are, it's nothing compared to the wheeling and dealing that goes on once his boss' daughter, Pamela Tiffin, arrives in West Berlin. Instead of cooling off after a hot romance, Pamela plunges into a mad escapade with Horst Buchholz, an unwashed beatnik and a rabid Communist. To add to the nightmare, Pamela's parents are coming to Europe. What to do? What to do? Cagney takes the only honorable way out and decides to frame Buchholz. Planting anti-Communist literature in Buchholz's possession and attaching *Russki, Go Home* signs on his motorcycle, Cagney figures him for Siberia, at least. Unfortunately, at the same time Buchholz is flung into prison, it's discovered Pamela is pregnant. She and her radical have been secretly wed six weeks. Again, the gears in Cagney's conniving mind start working, but once Buchholz is rescued, there's the even greater problem of how to make him acceptable to Pamela's papa. Marvelous fun that batters at the dreariness of Communism with laughter, a most

(*continued on page 48*)

HOLLYWOOD Confidential

By DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ *Troy Donahue rescued from howling admirers*
★ *Brett Halsey's mixed up romantic life*

Before leaving for Switzerland, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer attend premiere.

TROY DONAHUE was happy to get back alive from a recent p.a. tour. He had to be rescued by police from fans who literally mobbed him in Chicago and Cincinnati, and in New York City they got so out of hand that Troy had to be taken over roof tops by the gendarmes to escape his howling admirers! Then, as his plane was approaching Los Angeles airport, it developed brake trouble and had to circle out over the ocean for an hour dumping gas before attempting a landing which fortunately was made safely. "Everyone aboard was praying, believe me," said Troy. Back home, Troy resumed dating Suzanne Pleshette, but both refuse to be quoted on any "romance."

Connie Stevens, chaperoned by her sister-in-law, went to the mountains near Idyllwild for a weekend of dates with Elvis Presley who was there on location for "Kid Galahad." Connie says she and Elvis are friends, have a lot of fun together and she "likes" him—but insists "it's no romance." Adds Connie, "Really, I'm in the mood for a wild, new romance!" Asked if she had any special candidate in mind, Connie quipped, "Marlon Brando." But maybe she meant Glenn Ford, for she and Glenn have become a new twosome around town.

Brett Halsey's romantic life is very mixed up. Estranged wife Luciana Paluzzi left him about a year ago and went to Rome where their son Christian was born last June. Brett had never seen his son when Luciana loomed up in a Los Angeles court recently asking $600 a month support for their son who was still in Italy with her mother. The court agreed with Brett that he should not be compelled to support a child he had never seen. Brett also petitioned for custody of the child. Luciana then agreed to bring the baby here. She and Brett also agreed to meet with a court conciliator later, to explore the possibility of a reconciliation. No divorce papers have been filed. But Brett meantime continues to steady-date Debbie Smith Minardos Power Loew, ex-wife of Nico Minardos and Arthur Loew and widow of Ty Power. Oddly, Brett and Nico are good friends, often lunch together!

That blue and white color scheme selected by Sandra Dee for the nursery was certainly prophetic. She and Bobby Darin welcomed a son, Dodd Mitchell Darin, just a few days before their first wedding anniversary. By the time you read this Sandy and Bobby will be co-starring together again, this time in "If A Man Answers." Meantime, Bobby has made "Point Blank."

When Rod Taylor returned to the 20th Century-Fox studio here he was presented with more than 10,000 pieces of mail protesting the cancellation of his

Connie Stevens, who's been dating Elvis Presley, has now switched to Glenn Ford.

"Hong Kong" series. Rod was understandably pleased by this flood of mail which accumulated while he was in Europe starring in "Seven Seas To Calais." And you fans will be pleased to know he's signed a new contract at 20th calling for a new TV series in which he'll resume his Glenn Evans role in San Francisco! First, though, he'll star in the feature, "Big River, Big Man." You can discount those rumors out of Rome that he and Anita Ekberg will marry. It's little known that Rod was married when he was about 19 in his native Australia. He's being very wary about a second matrimonial try.

Despite her success, career-wise and social, Ann-Margret is not the girl to leave her family home for an apartment of her own, as so many young actresses do. She and her parents have just moved into a new two-bedroom, two-bath apartment and it pleases her as much as a 30-room mansion would. Her mother encourages her dating many men, rather than settling down to a steady, and A-M continues as one of the dating-est gals in town. (She and Connie Stevens seem tied in this race!) A-M has been seeing more of Frankie Avalon lately, but when she was in New York on a p.a. tour she saw Chuck Glasser, an old beau from New Trier High School, now a pre-med student at Columbia. Incidentally, A-M is eager to return to her "brunette personality." She had to have her hair lightened to a red-blonde for "State Fair" but she's one brunette who doesn't believe gentlemen prefer blondes!

Dolores Hart returned from London a changed girl, at least appearance-wise. Her hair, which hadn't been cut since she was 11, was cropped short and darkened—this had been done for her role in "The Inspector"—and she's leaving it that way. She also admitted that although she'll have occasional dates with Santa Monica business man Don Robinson, the romance is over. He visited her while she was working in London. But Dolores seems interested in English tycoon John Gutson, whom she dated over there. Old beau Earl Holliman gave her a welcome home party here. He's resumed painting and Dolores bought two of his oils.

Rock Hudson's fans love him in high comedy and he proves again in "Lover, Come Back" that he's a fine farceur. But he's aiming at versatility, so he's doing heavy drama in "The Spiral Road," just completed, and wants to follow this with a "strong love story." He's signed to star in Ross Hunter's "Dark Angel," which will be a re-make of one of the late Ronald Colman's most popular films, made back in '35. But Rock isn't sure if this will be next on his slate. Meantime, he's having a short vacation and still dates Marilyn Maxwell.

As of now, it's our guess that the long-distance romance of Gardner McKay and New York model Dolores Hawkins will *not* end in marriage, despite their frequent flying trips across country to see each other. Gard has resumed dating Greta Chi here. But his real new all-consuming interest is very "arty." He's personally shooting an art film with his own 16mm camera, to coordinate with the recital of a Rupert Brooke poem! A very off-beat project. Watch for Gard's shaggy dog "Pussycat" in one of his forthcoming "Adventures In Paradise."

Diane Baker is also making a 16mm film, hers is a travelogue which she's shooting in India while on location there for "Nine Hours To Rama." In "Rama" you'll be interested to see Horst Buchholz, who is really 28, "age" from 18 to 24 to 28 and he does it without a change of make-up! Also watch for the other

Barbara Luna became Doug McClure's December bride in a very quiet wedding.

It's a big evening for Cheryl Holdridge, what with handsome Rick Nelson as escort.

Dick Chamberlain, TV's Dr. Kildare, and Rosanna Schiaffino attend a first-night.

co-star in this, Valerie Gearon, 18, a girl from Wales who portrays an East Indian. Shades of Anna Kashfi! Anyway, Valerie gets star billing in this, her very first film!

The house Bob and Marilyn Horton were renting was sold out from under their feet before they could renew their lease and they've not found another to their liking so they'll take an apartment until they go East in April, after Bob shoots his final "Wagon Train" hour. He's determined to tackle Broadway, probably will do the musical "Underworld," and Marilyn, a singer, may be in it, too.

"The Interns" bunch staged a real swinging—or should we say "twisting" party. The invited press were driven from the Columbia studio parking lot to the sound stage in ambulances! Cliff Robertson, Mickey Callan, James MacArthur, Nick Adams, Suzy Parker, Haya Harareet, Anne Helm and Stefanie Powers were all there and Mickey, a former dancer, led the Twist lessons for all. No casualties at the party but the oft-quoted phrase was, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

News tid-bits gleaned at the party: Suzy Parker flew out two *trunks* full of her own fabulous clothes so the studio could select several outfits she wears as a model in the film (she's *not* a nurse in it) . . . Stefanie Powers is having name trouble. Her real name is Stefanie Paul, her nickname Taffy. When she made "Experiment In Terror" she was called Taffy Paul, later was named Stefanie Paul and now the studio has decided on the surname Powers. Her pals still call her Taffy . . . Anne Helm had been bitten by a dog a few days before but fortunately didn't have to have the long series of rabies shots . . . Haya Harareet, in her first screen appearance since her debut in "Ben-Hur," admits she now calls London her home. The Israeli beauty planned to return to England as soon as "Interns" finished, admits she has a love interest there but would not divulge his name.

Lee Remick was given a surprise birthday party by husband Bill Colleran and his invitations announced it was a "Twist around Lee" party. He had two dance instructors there to teach the dance dementia to guests who included Jack Lemmon, Gig Young and Liz Montgomery, Marge and Gower Champion—who know a little about dancing, themselves. And if you're tired of reading about the Twist, we're tired of writing about this "craze that has captured the nation's frenzy."

If George Peppard's acting career should ever pall on him, he needn't worry about income. He has a builder's license, in fact, put himself through college by doing construction work. And to keep his "hand in," he's now personally building retaining walls and making major renovations in the house he's bought here in town. He's finally moved his family up from their former home near San Diego. George ages from 18 to 45 in "How The West Was Won," wears a mustache for the later sequences and because of the film's long schedule is getting quite attached to his hirsute adornment.

June Allyson, fully recovered from her throat operation, looks wonderful, feels wonderful, says she's enjoying "being a mother." She did one TV show with Dick Powell but has no other plans for a while, except a "real vacation" in Mexico with Dick. "I only hope he can get way as we plan," she adds. June had to have several nodules removed from her vocal chords. They were making her voice deeper and deeper; she also lost her voice completely frequently and her breathing capacity had been cut to half! "Now my voice pitch is back

(continued on page 60)

Sandra Dee:

OF COURSE IT WAS A **BOY**

Sandra had said all along that her baby was going to be a boy and bought everything blue as a matter of course. The stork complied nicely

By Jack Holland

When bubbly Sandra Dee married Bobby Darin, she made up her mind to go with him wherever he went, come what may. She stuck to this resolve even when she discovered that she was pregnant.

With the Darin heir expected last December, Bobby had commitments to fill and he didn't like the idea of leaving Sandra during the last couple of months.

"What do you mean—leaving me?" Sandra asked. "I'm going with you."

"But should you be doing all that traveling around —now?" Bobby asked her.

"Certainly! Why shouldn't I? I'm perfectly all right," she retorted.

So off she went to Oklahoma and Texas where Bobby was on location for his picture, "State Fair." It was a busy two months and it wasn't until November that Sandra and Bobby returned home. Up to this time, Sandra had accepted the fact that it takes nine months for a baby to be born, so she wasn't too impatient, but once she was home, she began to (*continued on page 56*)

Horst's French bride, Miriam Bru, prefers being wife and mother.

THE SECRETS OF HORST BUCHHOLZ' LOVE LIFE!

By Bill Tusher

In a small village in East Prussia a group of bombed out children evacuated from Berlin sat in the classroom of a makeshift school. They were too young to know political right from wrong, but not too young to suffer the ravages of a war they had done nothing to bring on. In them, as in mankind in general, the urge to go on was strong.

In that classroom life went on as usual—or as nearly as usual as could be managed owing to the nightmarish exigencies of World War II. Children in that class of ten-year-olds were like children from time immemorial—wide-eyed and trusting, bursting with love and curiosity. And filled with secret daydreams. Boys, in the unfolding of new senses, took notice of girls for the first time as a species especially fair and attractively different from themselves.

One such lad, shyly awakening to the wonders of life, was (*continued on page 18*)

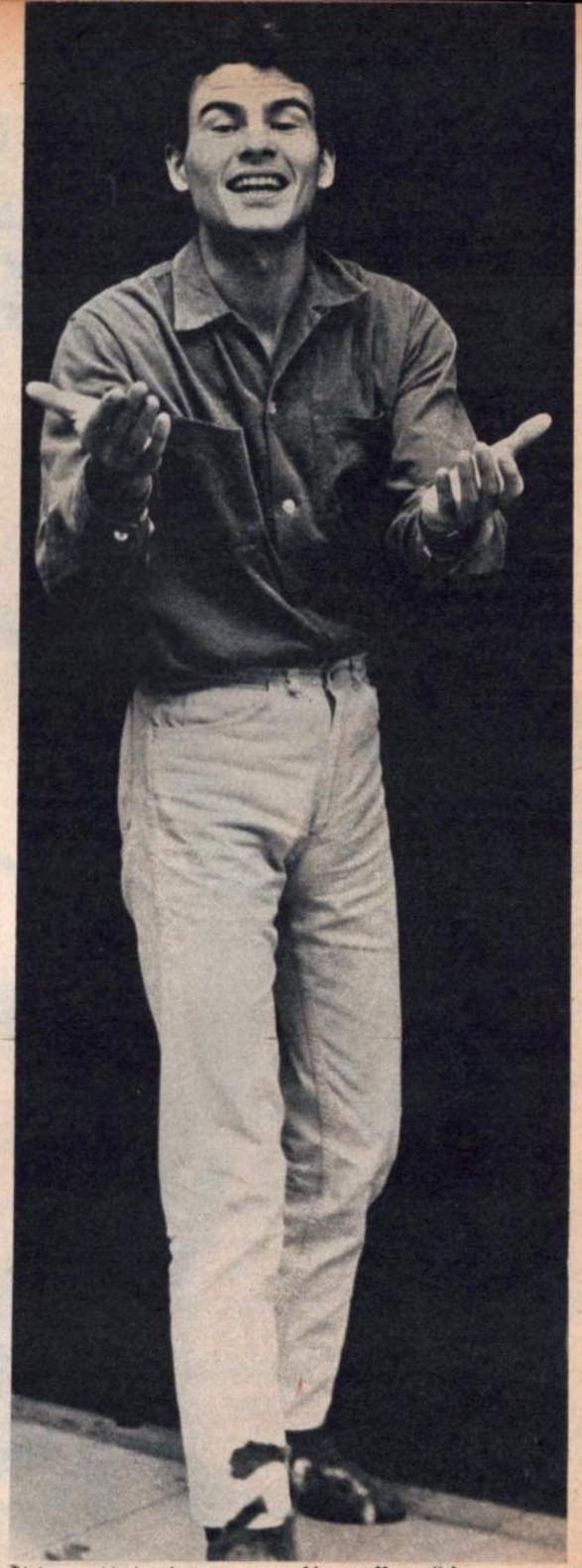
Horst met his wife, Miriam, when they starred in a German film, but it was not a case of love at first sight.

HORST BUCHHOLZ continued

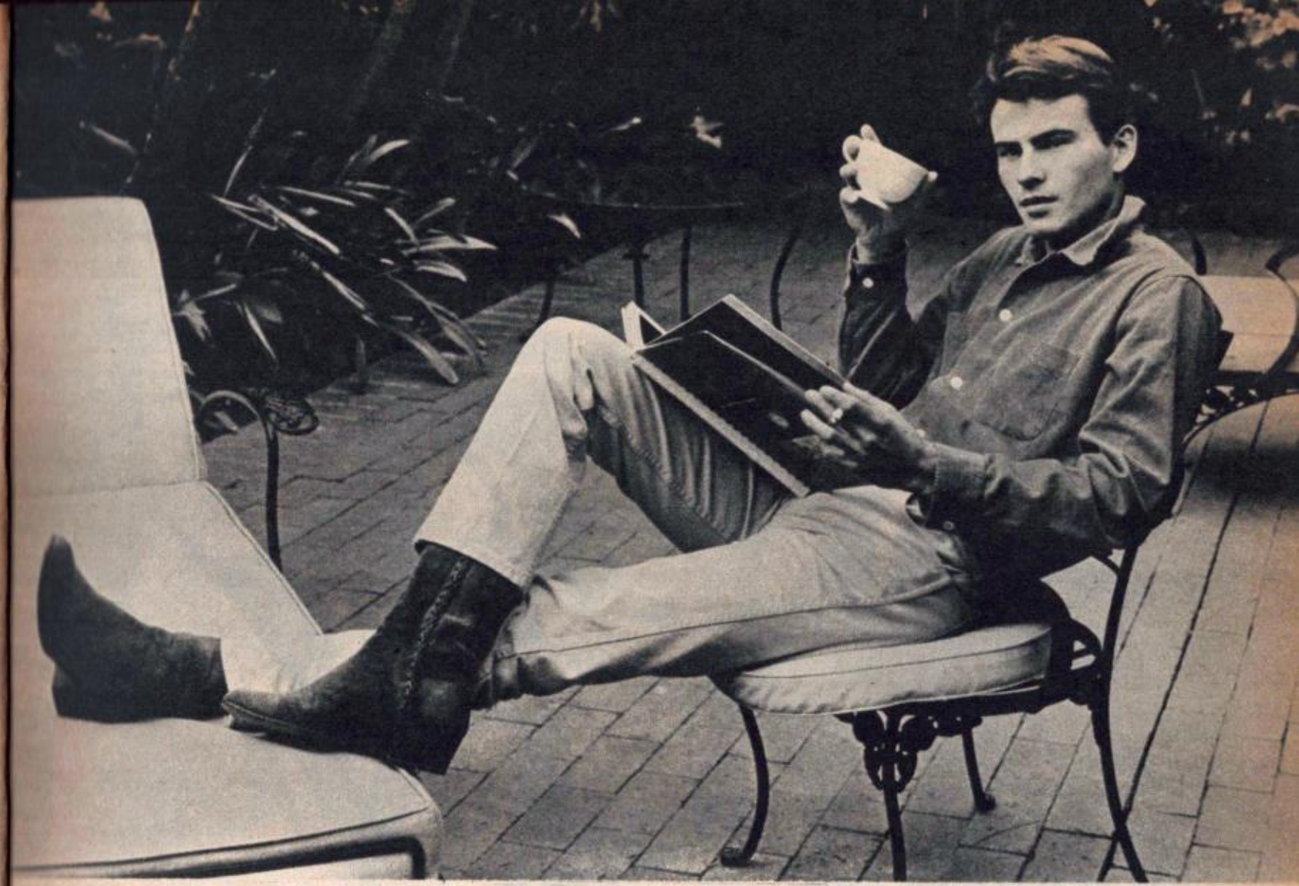
Horst Buchholz, the slender, sensitively handsome son of a Berlin shoemaker. Along with the other children, young Horst had been separated from his parents and hustled to safety so that he might grow up to live in—and perhaps to help make—a better world than the one to which he was born.

His class had been in what amounted to a crash penmanship improvement program, and he was filled with a bursting ambition to exceed every other boy in this art. It was not an oversight that he felt no rivalry with *girls*. Alas, his incentive had little to do with any thirst for scholastic achievement—or even with a desire for the approval of his teacher.

Any thought of competing with the girls would have been academic because the teacher already



Giving up his freedom was no problem to Horst. "As for success with women, I've had it (but) it gets boring."



Called "a continental Jimmy Dean," Horst scored in "Fanny," stars next in "One, Two, Three" with Pamela Tiffin.

had selected the young lady whose handwriting had surpassed that of any other girl in the class. She stood in front of the room, smiling nervously, and basking in that distinction.

As Horst Buchholz looked at her from his desk he was overcome with admiration and dizzy with strange stirrings. Horst was sure that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen—and he lost his schoolboy heart to her.

"It was the most marvelous thing," smiles the young man who grew up to be an international film star, the coveted object of feminine daydreams on two continents. "She was always the first of the girls, and I put all my power, all my desire to be the first of the boys.

"That is because the first girl and the first boy, when they got the best marks, had to come forward in front of the teacher, and they had to hold hands while the teacher made a big speech, lasting 20 minutes about them being the best in the class."

For Horst, taller than six feet now in his 27th year and more strikingly good looking than ever, his innocent idyll with that pink-cheeked, dark-haired classmate was one of the two most memorable emotional attachments of his life.

"She was a sweet, sweet lovely girl," he says, a soft glow of reminiscence in his hazel eyes. "Just standing in front of the class and holding hands with her was so wonderful. This actually was my first falling in love. I had to write the letters beautiful. It meant hard work being in love, but I had to keep it up."

Five months were all Horst and his comely little classmate had. She was a playmate—but different somehow from any boy he had played with. He stayed with a family that (*continued on page 44*)

A radiantly happy Debbie and her husband, Harry Karl, flank Carrie, 5, and Todd, 3½, in a joyful family portrait.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS: "WHAT I WANT FOR MY CHILDREN"

With her usual candor, Debbie talks about the joys—and the problems—of raising Carrie and Todd and what she wishes for their well-being

By Dora Albert

"Everybody spoils children," Debbie Reynolds said, her green eyes twinkling, "but I don't want mine any more spoiled than normal.

"I have a particular problem in avoiding having the children spoiled. When I'm with Carrie and Todd people often come up to us and say, 'Aren't they adorable? Isn't Carrie beautiful?' When we get home, I have to spend half an hour explaining to Carrie, 'You're beautiful only if you are beautiful inside. When you have a happy smile and are nice to people, then they say that you are adorable.'

"Actually it's not good for a little child to hear these extravagant compliments. It's all right to say these things to parents, but not in the presence of the children. Such praise could make them self-conscious, perhaps even conceited. When well-meaning people do this to Carrie and Todd, I have to spend a lot of time trying to undo the effect. That's one of the reasons I seldom take the children out in public. When I take them shopping, I try to go to stores where people aren't likely to make a fuss over them."

We were sitting in the all-white den of the new Harry Karl-Debbie Reynolds home in Beverly Hills. Debbie had her blonde hair up (she had just washed it) and she was wearing a simple white blouse and a blue and white wool skirt, marked off in neat small squares. If Debbie's face wasn't among the world's most famous, you'd take her for a chic, attractive young suburban mother.

Debbie and Harry and the children had been living in the house for three weeks. A stream of electricians, carpenters and plumbers were still coming in and out of the house. Moving men were delivering supplies to the basement. Upstairs, all was calm. Five-year-old Carrie and three-and-a-half-year-old (*continued on page 46*)

An 18-year marriage that was devoid of scandal until now is terminating in divorce. Were "other women" to blame?

BEHIND DINAH SHORE'S MARRIAGE CRACK-UP!

By Helen Hendricks On New Year's Eve, a year ago, there was a laughter-filled party at the fabulous desert Palm Springs home of a department store magnate. Married couples and pairs of sweethearts danced in the New Year. One lovely guest had left her two children asleep in her own luxurious Palm Springs home and come alone—Dinah Shore. Whenever the telephone rang, she stepped forward expectantly, smiling, "That must be George." But none of the well-wishers' calls were for her.

Finally, she went to a telephone in an adjoining bedroom. "I want to wish George a Happy New Year," she told a guest who came in search of her. "He's in the Philippines, making a picture. I've tried and tried to get through to him at his hotel but he's not there," Dinah continued in a tearful voice. "He promised to telephone me here. I can't understand it." And then as the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" floated in from the living room, Dinah's control vanished and tears spilled from her pretty brown eyes. The guest hastened to (*continued on page 42*)

George and Dinah were always considered one of Hollywood's closest couples.

Cynthia has always looked younger than her age,
a fact that permits her to portray a teenager in "Margie."

Cynthia Pepper "I CRIED MY WAY THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL"

High school is a romp for TV's "Margie" but in real life it was something else again. For many reasons she was very often in tears

By Nancy Anderson

Cynthia Pepper, a happy high school girl in one of TV's happiest new shows, "Margie," has a confession. "I love portraying Margie," she says, "but I think being a real high school student is a terrible condition—for a girl, anyway. I cried at least half the time.

"I cried about boys—I cried because I wasn't a cheerleader—I cried because I had only one cashmere sweater and other girls had several—and then I cried about boys some more.

"I'm sure all high school girls suffer over the same things; don't you agree? I have great sympathy for them."

Cynthia's sympathetic understanding of teenage problems helps her to make her teenage portrayals on television believable. She's been building a successful television career as a teenager, first as Tim Considine's girl friend on "My Three Sons" and now as Margie.

Remember the episode on "My Three Sons" when she bade Tim and high school romance goodbye as she prepared for college? Was it more poignant because Cynthia remembered a similar, real-life scene? It may have been.

In high school she said goodbye to the boy with whom she had gone steady for some two years when he left for a prolonged stay in Europe.

First love, almost always ending in farewell, is sweet and sorrowful, and Cynthia is still close enough to hers to remember.

When Margie, in the episode that opened the series, threw herself across her bed and wept because (*continued on page 26*)

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

The lack of a cashmere sweater while in high school was felt most keenly by Cynthia.

In portraying "Margie" on TV, Cynthia finds that she can often draw upon her real life experiences.

An optimist despite some disappointments, Cynthia says, "I believe everything works out for the best."

Cynthia Pepper

continued

she wasn't as popular or as glamourously dressed as her best friend, Maybelle, Cynthia may have drawn from life again.

"I always looked younger than the other girls, so people didn't take me seriously," Cynthia says, "but I didn't mind that—looking younger, I mean. I still look younger than I am. But I can remember suffering agonies, because I wanted to be the most popular girl in school.

"And the cashmere sweater—that was another thing that plagued me."

At the high school Cynthia attended, cashmere sweaters were a status symbol. Like a warrior whose standing in the tribe was measured by the number

Cynthia's only confessed, unrealized ambitions are to play in a musical comedy and to meet Cary Grant.

of ponies he owned, the coed's worth in the high school culture was weighed in fluffy knits.

The existence of social clubs supported a strict caste system with the club members forming the upper strata. The non-members were the untouchables. And the girls' clubs, although they took cognizance of good grades and good breeding, placed major importance on cashmeres.

"The trouble was," Cynthia recollects, shuddering at the memory, "I didn't have a cashmere sweater. I was just a nobody without one, I thought. I was sure no club would ask me to join, and, although I had some good friends who weren't club members, I didn't want to be an outsider, too.

"Oh, it was an agonizing thing, waiting and wondering whether I'd be chosen."

As it turned out, Cynthia's charm was all she needed to win the coveted club membership.

"Of course," she says now, "I shouldn't have been so worried about the clubs in the first place. They weren't that important, but a high school girl wants to be part of the crowd."

But even after she was initiated into one of the groups, the lack of a cashmere sweater continued to plague Cynthia.

"I finally got one, though," she continues. "I got a job after school in a dime store and earned the money to buy one. I don't (*continued on page 54*)

Does our attractive First Lady embody all of the virtues or is she a human wife with human flaws? What is legend and what is truth?

Jackie Kennedy: IS SHE A "PERFECT" WIFE?

By Amy Lewis

Ever since John and Jackie Kennedy moved into the White House, an exciting myth, fostered by newspaper and magazine writers, has been growing. The myth? That this is the "perfect couple," the "ideal marriage," and that Jacqueline Kennedy is the perfect wife. Is the picture true? Is it fair? Is Jackie the perfect wife? Those of us with long memories know that the idea that any couple is ideal can be harmful rather than helpful. Over the years such couples as Jimmie Rodgers and his wife, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, and Dinah Shore and George Montgomery have all been painted as people who possessed the formula for a perfect marriage. And each of these marriages has gone down to defeat. Sometimes it almost seemed as if the term "perfect marriage" was the kiss of death. Now this same legend is being built up around our President and his First Lady. America has no royalty (*continued on page 60*)

The pride that President Kennedy takes in his wife is apparent in this photo of them when in Paris.

In an unusual declaration of independence, Fabian has cast off his mentor, Bob Marcucci

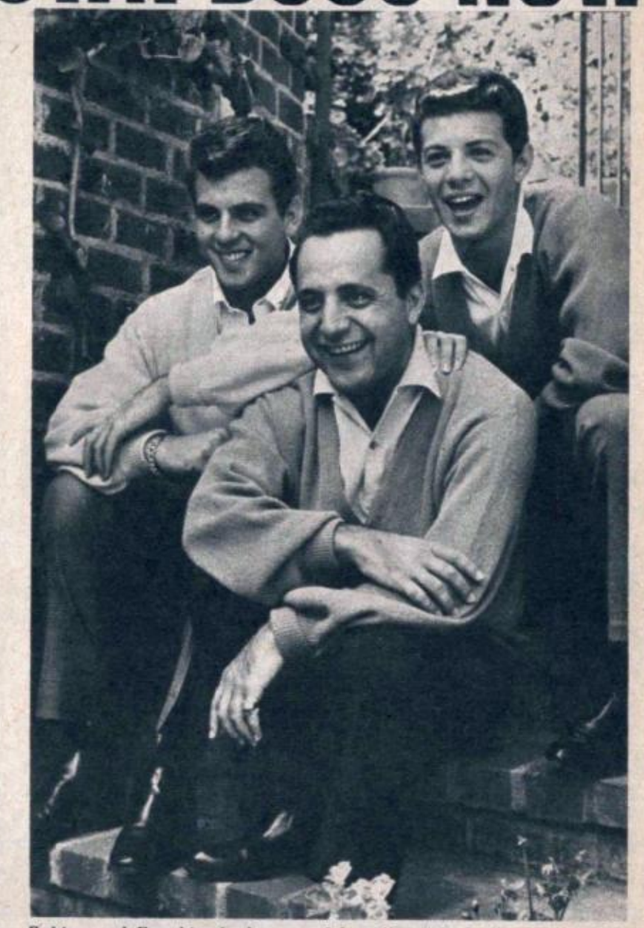
FABIAN: HE'S HIS OWN BOSS NOW

By Mark Dayton

There was something different about Fabian. It was apparent in the way he sat in his chair. His posture so easy and assured, his demeanor so relaxed and grown-up despite the still boyish appearance created by the mussed-up brown hair, the fire engine red pullover, the sandy levis and the highly-polished black Spanish boots. It was to be seen in the quickness of thought, the readiness of ideas, the noticeable willingness to take a position and assert his identity.

"As you know so well, and as I know so well," Fabe said, coming out four square with his personal Magna Carta on dating, "when you go to an opening or something, your manager would rather that you go out with a name so that you get mentioned in the press. I'm not knocking it. It helps an awful lot, and it's helped me. But—."

These were sentiments plainly not unrelated to Fabian's recent break with his discoverer, Bob Marcucci, who picked him up as an unknown and made him a virtual overnight star. (*continued on page 32*)



Fabian and Frankie Avalon posed happily with their manager, Bob Marcucci, before Fabian parted company with Marcucci.

FABIAN: continued

Although Fabian has taken great pains to make it clear that there are no bad feelings between them, the split startled the entertainment industry. It was all the more eyebrow raising coming on the heels of Frankie Avalon's voluntary renewal of his pact with Marcucci when Frankie turned 21—which automatically made him free of any agreements entered into while he was a legal minor.

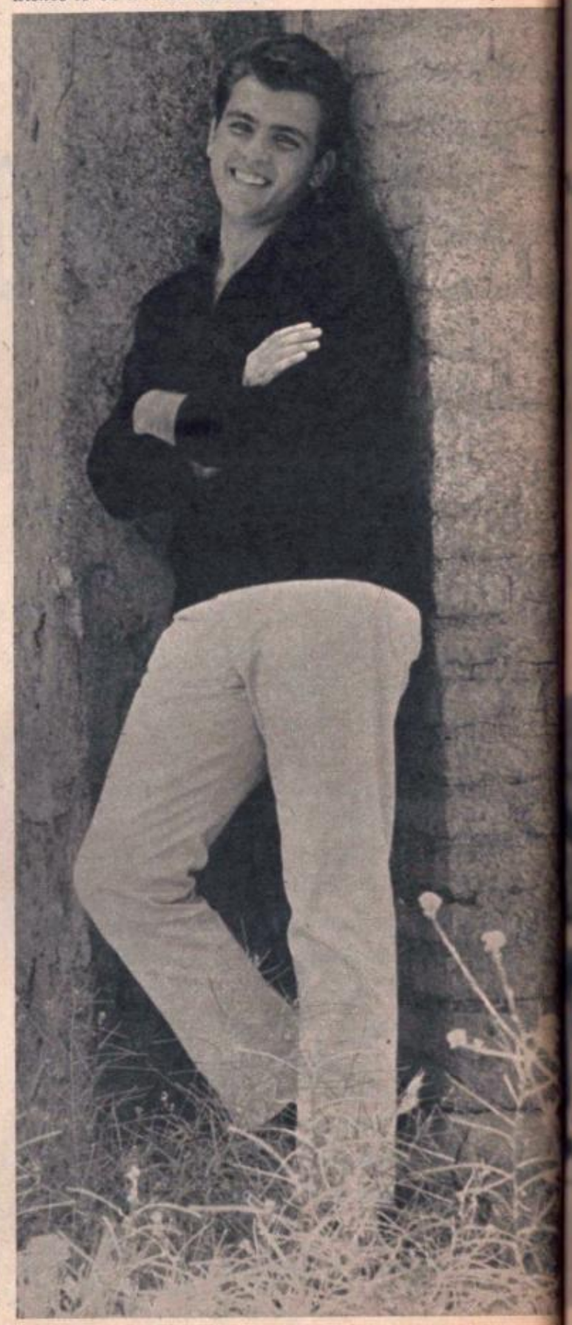
For those privvy to Fabian's stirrings, it was no secret that his termination with Marcucci—who supervised him very closely and was a stern, if devoted, taskmaster—was a further expression of his determination to have more to say about his destiny.

"I started at 14-15 and I needed someone like that," Fabe paid willing tribute to Marcucci, "and Bob did a wonderful job with me. The thing is you have to be let alone in the sense that you have to make a few decisions on your own. It's not wrong, you know. You make the right move. I haven't been in the business a long time, but I've learned a lot in the past three and a half or four years. I know what's right and wrong. As far as the situation with Bob and myself, we're still the best of friends. We made a very happy settlement."

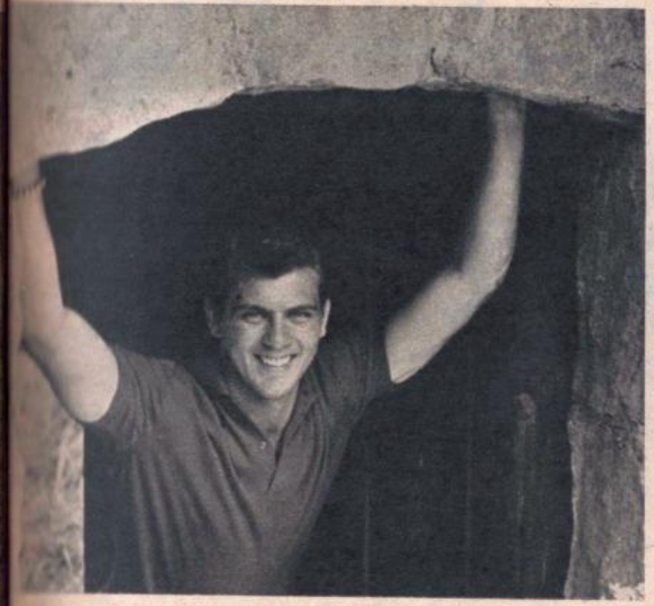
Fabian pointedly offered a family analogy to support his feeling that to remain overly dependent on others—in your personal or professional life—was to court helplessness.

"Like if your mother and father in a lot of cases —not *my* mother and father, *any* mother and father— will keep on doing things for you," he cited his example, "will keep telling you what is right and what is wrong until you're about 22 years old, then when you go out by yourself, you're going to need someone to help you along. I feel I'll always need advice, but you have to make some decisions yourself just to show what kind of personality *you* have." (*continued on page 51*)

At the age of 19, Fabian believes he is already a man and wishes to be treated like one.



The responsibility of making his own decisions now lies squarely on Fabian's broad shoulders.



While he feels ready to get married now, Fabian would prefer to concentrate on his acting career.

Growing steadily as a person and as an actor, Fabian stars next in "Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation."

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

JANET LEIGH'S ARGENTINE DIARY

In her own words, Janet tells of her adventures—and misadventures—in the Argentine where Tony was filming "Taras Bulba"

Janet, Kelly, 5, Tony, and Jamie, 2, on board the S.S. Argentina just before their departure for the Argentine and "Taras Bulba."

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18: We're off—on our way to Argentina and what a way to start—riding out the outskirts of hurricane Esther! When I read all those lovely brochures about ship travel, none of them included the bit about the little white bags kept in strategic spots throughout the ship for those who eventually need them. Fortunately, I must have been born with sea legs, for the rocking up and down and sideways all at once didn't knock me out. Tony—having been a submarine man—did fine. Wish I could say the same for the children, and their nurse! But the worst seems to be behind us now. They all look much chipper this morning. So much so, in fact, I went exploring with the youngsters before my Spanish lesson—I am determined to speak Spanish by the time we reach our destination—to see what our floating home really looks like. *(continued on page 38)*

Janet and Tony's trip started cheerfully, but there were plenty of crises before it was over.

PAUL BURKE

He hadda have heart

For 15 years Paul waged a bitter, uphill struggle to succeed in show business; his persistence paid off with the starring role in "Naked City"

By Rose Perlberg

It was a balmy summer evening and in the small Southern civic theatre, the 17-year-old leading man and his young leading lady said their last lines and waited for the curtain to fall. It didn't. The leading lady had often declared, "If I ever have to ad lib, I'm going to faint." She stared in horror at the hovering curtain and promptly lived up to her promise. The leading man gulped, clutched his swooning partner and desperately ad libbed a spontaneous "ending" to the already ended play. He sweated it out for a good three minutes, until the delinquent stagehand was roused to action.

The three minute "nightmare" was greenhorn Paul Burke's first acting dilemma. It wasn't to be his last. In the 18 years since, Paul has faced a good many career crises. Some he's managed to solve by ad libbing. Others have been tougher and more persistent. But no matter what the "problem," clear-headed Mr. Burke has tackled it with the same cool (*continued on page 49*)

Paul and his wife of 15 years, Peggy, have weathered career hazards and raised three children, Paula, 13, Dena, 3, and Brian, 11.

Janet Leigh's Argentine Diary

continued from page 34

Had a terrible fright later today when Kelly suddenly had spots all over her. Tony and I suspected chicken-pox, but the doctor assured us it was a reaction to all the seasick pills she took.

Tonight was the roughest one I've ever spent—and I don't mean the weather! I got trapped in the powder room. During a break in the floor show, I excused myself, went to the ladies' room, and after shutting the door, tried to flip on the light. Only it wouldn't go on. There weren't any windows, and when I tried to get back out of the door—it wouldn't open! I was frantic and panicked. It was like being buried alive for 20 minutes. A little boy who'd been tailing us all day heard my screaming and banging and finally got a steward to let me out. I was completely hysterical!

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19: We arrived in Barbados—and it was better than anything I'd expected. It was such a beautiful sight, and the water such a vibrant color, it looked fake. The reception we got was fantastic—and frightening—because I didn't know from one minute to the next where Ginny and the children were! The mob closed in on Tony and me and literally swept us off our feet. I couldn't have made my way to the children if I'd been able to find them. It was a harrowing experience. But if I thought that was bad, the ride from the ship to the hotel was equally hair-raising! Our native chauffeur drove like a fiend through the narrow streets. We missed a couple of other cars by inches, and having the English right-hand drive didn't lessen my nervousness.

When we finally arrived at the hotel we gasped. It is the newest and biggest one here, and a marvel: completely open to the sea, with crystal chandeliers, marble floors! We didn't stay long in the rooms, though, elegant as they were, but headed for the beach. The water was great—and as warm as our heated pool at home. Our exodus was followed closely by a group of photographers, but it didn't hamper our enjoyment.

Driving back to the ship we gawked like true tourists at the women in brightly colored rags and dresses, carrying everything on top of their heads, with their hair in two pigtails, sticking straight out. The houses are built up on rocks—precariously—because underneath the buildings is where they keep their chickens and livestock.

Once on board again, Tony and the children took another swim—they're like fish—and we turned in early.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21: Umm, slept so well, and late too, as we moved our clocks up an hour last night. I ventured forth for a game of shuffleboard with some of the passengers—have met nice people!—and actually won one game. Tony had another call to the Captain's cabin—for a friendly game of poker—so that's the last we saw of him for some time.

We made it to the Costume Ball, however, and I must say—everyone on board ship must be a frustrated ham! They really had the outfits. I decided to go as a French kook. Tony did a crazy make-up and we really looked kookie. Two fellows and a girl dressed a la "Some Like It Hot"—the two men wearing women's clothes and the girl playing George Raft—really hysterical. We ended up winning one of the prizes! Kelly stayed up late, too, to see the movie "Snow White And The Three Stooges" in the ship's theatre.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22: Tony took the children up for the lifeboat drill this morning. I didn't make it. Wish I'd seen them in those big life-jackets . . .

Today was really our big day—the day we received our summons from King Neptune. We polliwogs (those who haven't crossed the Equator before) were about to become Shellbacks. They started off by putting us in a jail-like contraption, and throwing cold water on us. Some idiot was King Neptune and some other idiot was his queen. What get-ups! There was a lot of pushing, screaming and yelling until they called each of us by name. This was our cue to bow before this (ha!) royal pair, and get a baby bottle on which to suck. I strongly suspect there was something stronger than milk in that bottle! Then they pronounced a verdict—and I really got it! Spaghetti and egg white smeared ALL over me! Ugh! The children weren't quite sure what was going on, but apparently there were no bad after-effects on their little characters because they ordered spaghetti for dinner.

Sporting her gaucho outfit, Janet visits Tony on location for his "Taras Bulba."

As for me—I don't care if I never see the stuff again!

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26: Today was quite a day, and there's an understatement. It started at six a.m.—a ghastly hour to begin anything, but to be met by Brazilian Immigration officials, Customs officials, and 20 eager reporters and fans, all before even a bit of breakfast, was almost too much! But this was only the beginning. After packing like mad, we went up for another session with the press, and were greeted with photographers, TV, newsreel—everything! In the back of my mind through all of this was the ponderous worry of how to sort out our 30 pieces of luggage and get the right ones transferred to the right places, and separated from the luggage we were taking with us to Sao Paulo! Joe (*Editor's note: Joe Warren, Tony and Janet's personal secretary*) saved the day there—he took the job over for us. I'd have died, I am sure, trying to manage that along with keeping track of the children in that mob of newsmen.

The howling fans that awaited us as we struggled to the car were even more vehement than the ones at Barbados. We were told that there'd never been such a reception, and that it could have far-reaching, wonderful results. I can only say I hope so. I was a wreck afterward!

Our ride to Sao Paulo started out all wrong. Because of the mobs, the hovering photographers and all, we grabbed the first available car, and took off. Unfortunely, it was *not* the one the Governor of the State of Sao Paulo had sent! Doubly-unfortunate, the car we picked had a blow-out and we skidded to a terrifying stop! We switched to one of the photographer's cars (they followed us in any kind of car they had available) and the bumpy ride the rest of the way is indescribable. But we did make it, and found Sao Paulo to be the fastest-rising city in the Western Hemisphere. There is more construction going on here than in any other city I've seen. It's a mixture of very ancient Portuguese culture and the most modern buildings imaginable. Friday we fly out for Buenos Aires.

The afternoon was spent in a press conference—sandwich would be a better term, we were so packed into the room. Where all the reporters, photographers, radio men, newsreels came from, I can't imagine. They keep asking us what country we think does the best films. Wonderful people, and such enthusiasm—but even with a police escort, and a private policeman outside our suite to insure a few moments of privacy, we're nervous wrecks about now. Pleasantly so, but I could do with an hour's peace and quiet.

We dined at the home of Senor Ermelino Matarozzo—truly a magnificent place, built around a huge formal garden done in the Roman manner with Oriental overtones, with priceless antiques and statuary throughout the house and grounds. After dinner Tony and I strolled through the grounds, saw the tennis court, pool, admired the view, and then went to see our host's "night club" downstairs. I could hardly believe it when I saw he had his own bowling alley, projection screen and machine, billiards, tables and chairs around a dance floor—and yet with all of this, Senor Matarozzo is a charming homebody. We didn't give up until 2:30 in the morning!

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27: Tony and I slept late, felt wonderfully refreshed, and then—wham! The day fell in on us. One layout after another, dashing here and there, almost dragging people with us as we tried to get through the crowds. But no malice or rowdiness in all the hassle. In fact, the crowd today made a point of clearing a path for the children and me, and didn't touch us as we moved to the car. They'd shout, "Hello," and "We love you," instead. Unfortunately, Tony didn't fare so well. He had buttons torn off, his coat grabbed and in general, looked a sight by the time he made the trip from the car to his room. He even was photographed getting fitted in the new white suit he bought.

Our appearance at the theatre in the evening was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Even with a 40 policeman cordon about us we barely got in and out in one piece!

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9: Kelly *really* had us worried. Finally found a doctor who is reported to be a very good one, and he checked Kelly out to report she has German measles! Since none of us think we've had them, guess what we'll be in for!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11: Tony took me out to look at the locations for "Taras Bulba" yesterday, and was amazed at the brilliant creative work done. The castle, for instance, looks like it has been on top of that hill for centuries! We also went into town, Salta, to get our gaucho outfits, and learned we'd have to get our belts at the prison, because the prisoners make them. The little old lady who is sewing our outfits apologized that she didn't move quite as fast as she used to, and it would take her longer to make the five outfits we wanted. With some apprehension we asked her just how long, and she sighed, "About eight days . . ." How about that—and she must be well over 80!

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13!! Who cares? It doesn't scare me—because I don't see how anything else could go wrong. Kelly is absolutely miserable, I can't get my help to understand I want the house we're renting outside Salto cleaned up—really scrubbed down. There aren't sheets to change the beds, I can't get a

(*continued on page 40*)

spinning the platters

Reviews of new discs by PAUL SLOANE

Best Vocals

Gloria Lynne: "You Don't Have To Be A Tower Of Strength" and "I Will Follow You" (*Everest*)

Miss Lynne, one of the better warblers on today's musical scene, scores a striking success with the rock-a-ballad "Tower" coupled with the sensitively styled "I Will Follow You."

Jack Jones: "Lollipops And Roses" and "This Was My Love" (*Kapp*)

The son of one-time movie tenor Allan Jones, Jack has inherited an impressive set of pipes. He puts them to good use on this pairing.

Paul Anka: "Loveland" and "The Bells At My Wedding" (*ABC-Paramount*)

Paul Anka offers another double-barrelled broadside from his fertile imagination, performing with an exuberant knowledgeability that connotes a young man who's an old pro.

Jaye P. Morgan: "Nobody's Sweetheart" and "Brotherhood Of Man" (*M-G-M*)

Jaye P.'s combined something old ("Sweetheart") with something new ("Brotherhood," from the new Broadway smash, "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying") and succeeds admirably in both instances.

Best Instrumentals

Peter Nero: "Maria" and "Theme From 'Summer And Smoke'" (*London*)

Nero's broad sweeping piano style is perfectly suited to the "West Side Story" love ballad, and the moody "Summer And Smoke" theme. "Maria" is particularly impressive.

Ted Heath and his Orchestra: "Charmaine Cha Cha" and "Sucu Sucu" (*London*)

The swinging British-based Heath aggregation heads for Latin climes, taking the ancient "Charmaine," translated to cha cha tempo, along with it. The flip side, a smash in Europe, has been a light tap over here, but that doesn't take away from its fine sound.

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra: "Paris Blues Parts I & II" (*Columbia*)

The Ellington entourage is right at home with the theme music from the Ellington-scored Paul Newman-Joanne Woodward starrer. It richly evokes a musical slice of life along Paris' Left Bank.

Eddie Heywood: "Good Earth" and "Dream Of Olwen" (*Liberty*)

The old piano master Heywood brings his highly personalized keyboard style into full play as he ranges from the spiritually-angled "Good Earth" to the classic mood-piece "Olwen" with consummate skill.

Best Albums

Joey Dee and his Starliters: "Doin' The Twist At The Peppermint Lounge" (*Roulette*)

If you haven't been held incommunicado for the last six months you know all about the Twist, the Peppermint Lounge and Joey Dee. This LP, recorded "live" at the Lounge, is full of sound and fury, signifying (we've been told) something.

The McGuire Sisters: "Subways Are For Sleeping" (*Coral*)

The girls, with a chorus and orchestra to pitch in at appropriate moments, make the most of a score that is wide ranging in its appeal—some of the tunes are breezy; some are softly romantic, others are tender and moody.

Jonah Jones Quartet: "Broadway Swings Again" (*Capitol*)

Jonah's horn of plenty hies itself once more to the Apple for another batch of hit show tunes—past and present. Jones & Co. are very much uptempo, be it a bouncy anthem from "Babes In Arms" or a ballad from Gotham's own "Fiorella."

Erroll Garner: "Close-Up In Swing" (*ABC-Paramount*)

Garner's second LP for this company should prove even more popular than his hit "Dreamstreet." Along with such jazz staples as "All Of Me" and "St. Louis Blues," Erroll offers a Latin original, "El Papa Grande." **END**

JANET LEIGH'S ARGENTINE DIARY

continued

laundress and the gardener comes once in 15 days—which call I have yet to see. The yard is a mess and a real danger for the children. I *really* know what is meant by the *mañana* attitude, now . . . If only we could get rid of the flies, and teach people to use screens and keep the doors shut, it would help! One bright spot, however. Yesterday was Tony's first day's work on "Taras Bulba," and the shooting went well.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15: What should have been a nice, quiet, peaceful Sunday turned into a crisis. Jamie and Kelly went to the park with our driver, Effrain, a very nice young fellow, and returned a short time later with Jamie screaming in pain. She'd fallen when Effrain was playing with her, and landed on her right shoulder. One look was all I needed to know something was broken. We finally got the doctor out to confirm my fears, but he wanted to be doubly sure so he dashed off to find a technician who could take an X-ray. I guess he searched every chapel and church in the area before he found the right man and dragged him out of a service. Soon we learned; she'd broken her clavicle. Now both of her shoulders are taped back and everytime she moves, she screams. Poor Effrain is more miserable than Jamie, he feels so badly about the accident, and Tony was completely shaken up! It was certainly one day I could have done without!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18: Tony left for work at four this morning for a dawn shot. And today was Kelly's first day in school, a clean, bright, happy place called the Peter Pan School. She'll probably speak Spanish in no time, and we won't know what under the sun she's saying! She has to wear little aprons to school—cute. Tony came home fit to be tied tonight, first, because he'd expected me on the location and had forgotten to send the driver back for me, secondly, because, after getting up at that ghastly hour, he wasn't needed for the shot after all, and didn't work all day long!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19: Couldn't sleep worth anything. Found a monstrous red bug marching around in the bathroom last night, and it kept me jumpy all night long. Went to visit the family of two little children I met and discovered a family of seven living in a dirt shack of two rooms—along with their chickens! I was appalled, and terribly upset. Then I met the children's little brother, and discovered he was blind. He stands holding onto a pole all day long in all that filth . . . I am going to inquire around and see what I can do about getting him into a school of some kind. I couldn't hide my tears at such circumstances . . .

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21: We were invited to a barbecue at a general's place which is in an isolated spot not too far from the castle location. When we drove up, we thought the servants' quarters was the house—until we saw our error. The house is very nice, and very old—about 300 years—and very Spanish. The general was anxious to dance to the records a phonograph was churning up, and I gave a valiant try, but what can you do when the darn thing keeps changing from a rhumba to a tango and then goes into a jazz rendition of a samba?

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23: Haven't felt like myself for the last couple of days, but it really hit me today. Argentina Tummy, Travelitis—whatever name you peg it, it's gruesome!

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24: The doctor diagnosed this horrible condition of mine as food poisoning. I feel poisoned all right! Sorry about missing my trip to the School for the Blind today. Was going to donate my portable typewriter to them.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25: Still feeling like something the cat dragged in and was lamenting my plight when I heard Kelly scream. Tore downstairs and found her with her face covered with blood! I grabbed a glass of brandy—more for me than her—and then cleaned her up to learn she'd not broken her nose or knocked all her teeth out. In slipping on a rug, she'd hit her mouth and took a big chunk out of her lip. Oh, to be a mother . . . It would be easier to have these catastrophies happen to me than my chicks!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26: Finally made it to the School for the Blind. How well they are doing. Checked into getting that little boy I saw into the school, and they said if he were mentally sound, there would be no problem, but they were not equipped to handle him otherwise. Tony says if the child can't get in, he'll get a fund started at the studio to help care for him. We just can't let that poor child have nothing more out of life than a post to hang onto!

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27: Poor Lydia, one of our maids, has acute appendicitis and was operated on tonight. Funny thing about hospitals here. They don't furnish the medicine. Friends or family members get the prescription, and go out to get the medicine.

We're already trying to get our reservations for our return trip straightened out. There seems to be a little confusion—but why should this situation be any different? Some gay household tonight: Tony came home with a pulled leg muscle and in great pain, Lydia in the hospital, and when the doctor checked Jamie's shoulder, it was sticking out so he had to push it back in place! To top it all, when I started to wash my face, another one of those red bugs lurched out of the sink at me. I went screaming in to Tony, only to run into Effrain. Since I was clad only in my nightie, I didn't know whether I should retreat to the bug infested bathroom, or dash right on past him. I dashed!

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28: Watched Tony on location a bit yesterday, and do feel sorry for him with all the riding he has to do on this picture. His expression is a mixture of sheer terror, bravado and anger! Am myself again—between feeling passably good and downright awful. Tony came home with a grumpy feeling because some army official had died and they didn't feel the army should be worked today, so Tony had been all day on location for nothing. Of course, I've a hunch he put that casino he's set up in his dressing room tent out there, to good use! At least it helps them all pass the time. . .

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29: Went to a luncheon at the General's town house, and it was really quite pleasant. We've certainly learned to eat a lot of strange and interesting dishes, some of them very good! And, of course, there are others. . . . Brought Brad Dexter home with us and he and Tony played gin. Doris got back from Chile (*Editor's note: Yul Brynner's wife. Yul's also in "Taras Bulba" and they lived next door to the Curtises throughout this time*) and brought Tony a present—a box of Rice Krispies! Then we dragged Brad with us to a children's fashion show. Wonder how he liked that!

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30: Four days before the children and I head home. Now it is raining. This weather is really something. How they've managed to keep a shooting schedule is a real feat. Went to a home for retarded children, some mentally retarded, others physically, and then to another home for victims of infantile paralysis. My heart bleeds through these visits. It is all I can do to contain myself. Then I followed this up with a visit to the aged—the poorest. These poor forgotten people will haunt me all my life. They all hugged and kissed me—it was more than I could stand. I came home completely drained. Then came a shock. The word is out there is going to be a rail strike. This could mean we don't leave . . .

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31: The boys have run into a problem. The army had assured them they would have two thousand men for a week, and six o'clock last night, they were informed they don't have them. Some two-day holiday coming up, and nothing, but nothing, interferes then! Another interesting side-light to living and working here: Now that we have three days left, the men have come to install the screens! Tonight was bad because of Jamie. The doctor had to manipulate the shoulder again, and the poor child screams and shakes in spite of sedatives and pain killers. In fact, we were all shaking after this bit tonight! One calming aspect—I could get my mind off past events by curling up with a script of "The Manchurian Candidate," my next film when we get back home . . .

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1: Another crisis—but at least one we can handle ourselves. Our cook learned that the Brynners' cook next door was making more money than she. This we didn't know, so checked to find out. Well, she was making a bit more, but nothing like she'd led our cook to believe. So it was an easy matter to patch up her feelings—and her purse. Another group of people trudged by, asking for food. We always send them off loaded. Guess we're known as a good handout—but that's okay with me.

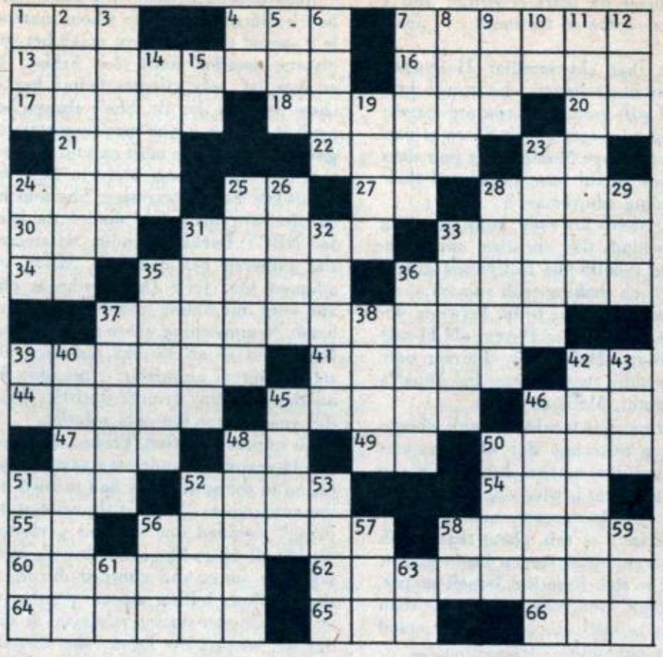
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2: A crisis on location today. Isn't there one every day with us? Everyone, soldiers, gauchos, even horses, I suppose—struck! And just when everything was set for the biggest scene of all! We learned this had been pre-arranged, and we also found out that we are caught in the middle of a fight between the military of the regular government and the Communists, who have been instigating all sorts of trouble for the company, the strike being one of the results. There was a meeting scheduled for seven tonight, which naturally didn't get underway until nine—and was everyone on pins and needles!

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3: Sorry the boys have to stay on to finish up the picture, but I, for one, am glad to be on my way homeward. The weather is giving me quite a send off—beastly hot. And a bit of news just fell in my lap: My nonstop flight has just become a stop-over flight, which means a much longer, tiring, and extensive trip, for we'll now have to stay over in Buenos Aires. I strongly doubt I'll ever make connections or manage all the luggage, but at this point I am ready to try the trip on burro back and by canoe! Kelly came home from school in tears, she hated to leave so. Well, we're all packed, we've put up a lunch because the food on the plane isn't the greatest, and now—our farewells. I hate leaving Tony, but it is just too difficult, under present circumstances, to have Tony constantly worrying about work and us as well, particularly where the children are involved. Needless to say, it was a very teary leave-taking! One happy note, the strike was a fizzle, so if things will only go halfway right for a change, it won't be long before we're all home together!

END

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(All About Tony Curtis)



(Answer on page 63)

ACROSS

1 Letter in alphabet
4 Anger
7 Cinema's Cesar
13 "The Great —" (Tony Curtis film)
16 Actress Merle
17 What Tony showed in 40 down
18 "— Cory" (Tony film)
20 Pronoun
21 Middle name of both Tony's daughters
22 Female student
23 Tony's — was Manny Schwartz
24 Actor Ladd
25 Board (abbr.)
27 Tony served in World War II — a signalman
28 Tony's birth month
30 Deity
31 Tony's hair color
33 Mr. Polo
34 "Son — Ali Baba" (Curtis film)
35 Iceland coin
36 Gift recipients
37 Recent Tony Curtis movie
39 A string of beads
41 Desire greatly
42 Direction (abbr.)
44 Tony's co-star in "Operation Petticoat"
45 Bunch of bass
46 Locale of Tony's U.S. Navy life
47 Tony is seen in these
48 Scale note
49 Nova Scotia (abbr.)
50 Cat cries
51 Mimic
52 Ireland
54 Any (dial.)
55 Prefix
56 Common mineral
58 "Johnny — Pigeon" (early Curtis film)
60 No. Atlantic islands
62 Orchestra number
64 Nothing else than
65 Girl's nickname
66 Tony likes to —

DOWN

1 One (Ger.)
2 "Sweet — Success" (Curtis film)
3 Butter or oleo
4 "Some Like — Hot" (Tony comedy)
5 Roman (abbr.)
6 Man's name
7 Fixed routines
8 Man's name
9 Sea (Fr.)
10 Comparative ending
11 Love affair
12 "The Defiant —s" (Curtis hit)
14 Heating apparatus
15 Direction (abbr.)
19 Saturate
23 More genuine
24 Tony was married eleven years —
25 Life fluid
26 Irish goddess
28 Mrs. Tony Curtis
29 Greek dawn goddess
31 Species of geese
32 Take captive
33 Pattern
35 Persian princes
36 Opera singers
37 Tony's — is acting
38 Tony will — appear in "Taras Bulba"
39 Specific gravity (abbr.)
40 Curtis film of 1956
42 Tony's birthplace
43 "Who — That Lady?" (Curtis film)
45 Hindu garb
46 Watery
48 "Criss Cross" was Tony's — film
50 TV's Marshal Dillon
51 First man
52 Tony has blue —
53 English school
56 Before (prefix)
57 Girl's name
58 Senior (abbr.)
59 Garland
61 Conjunction
63 Printer's measure

Behind Dinah's Marriage Crack-up!

continued from page 22

comfort her. "I guess," Dinah said in a voice muffled by tears, "George and I have been separated too much . . . apart too long . . ."

Was it that old familiar Hollywood story—too much distance between a husband and wife pursuing separate careers—that caused singer Dinah Shore to part from actor George Montgomery four days before they would have celebrated their 18th wedding anniversary?

Or was there an even more startling reason behind the surprise announcement? For months the Hollywood grapevine had been shaking with rumors of an eyebrow-raising friendship between 45-year-old George and a 19-year-old blonde beauty, Diane McBain—a charmer only five years older than George and Dinah's own daughter, Melissa.

A third party is trouble enough when a marriage is teetering. But what happens when the original marital duet expands to a quartette? That is what apparently happened in the Montgomery marriage.

"If you want to talk about that Dinah Shore-George Montgomery bust-up, better speak to that beautiful Israeli sexpot, Ziva Rodann, who may know more than she wants to tell right now," said noted Broadway columnist Earl Wilson.

SOME Hollywood marriages strain at a crucial point, when a husband develops both the seven-year itch and a roving eye. Other Tinseltown marriages begin to disintegrate as soon as one partner jets to stardom while the other drops step by step down the ladder of fortune. In some degree, the Montgomery marriage suffered from career inequality. But it was only when George apparently began to kick up his heels publicly this past year that Dinah made her painful decision: to end the marriage that was, in effect, no marriage at all.

Because she was before the public on TV so much, Dinah kept her woes to herself.

According to a friend who asked not to be identified, "Dinah, to whom marriage is a sacred thing, did not make her final divorce decision until that Friday, December 1st, only minutes before her TV show went on the air. She's always been against divorce so you may be certain she gave the matter the most careful deliberation. She and George were in their new Trousdale Estates mansion. She told him her decision just before she left the house for NBC's Burbank studio. Afterwards, she gathered her daughter, Missy, and adopted son, John David, who is eight and went into hiding in her Palm Springs home. Next morning, there were the headlines. And so an 18-year marriage, that started out so promisingly, becomes just another unhappy divorce statistic. Yet, in this case, it was the only solution."

Co-workers on that Friday show said the 44-year-old blonde star gave no indication of the split. They had to read it in the newspapers. "This is the wildest surprise," confided one stunned performer. "It hit all of us like a bombshell. Dinah sang her songs and clowned during the show without letting anyone glimpse the strain. Not once during rehearsal or since did we suspect it. Later, she waxed a Capitol album of her all-time hits and didn't turn a hair at the final number: 'It's So Nice To Have A Man Around The House.' What a gal! All that money, that gorgeous $250,000 mansion, two darling youngsters, the No. 1 spot in TV. Frankly, I'd thought that Dinah and George were Hollywood's happiest couple."

Other, more informed sources, knew for a year that Dinah was considering divorce; that earlier, both she and George had been *trying* to stay together. And so these insiders discounted the smiling singer's stories to the press of her happiness as she visited with them in the vast glass-enclosed living room of the splendid new modern house, one of the town's showplaces, overlooking all of Beverly Hills. "I treasure my husband and children as a gourmet treasures his food. I am surrounded by love," Dinah said.

She always believed that people in television must keep their private lives unmarked by scandal even more so than those in the motion picture business because TV stars are before the public week after week. So it's understandable that she kept her problems to herself. Sometimes criticized for her eternal smile, she has answered with a look of near astonishment: "What am I supposed to do—snarl at everybody? If I'm going to cry I'll do it in the privacy of my own home."

It appears that America's most successful television performer had plenty to cry about. Even though, in a Gallup poll of the ten women most admired by Americans last year, Dinah rubbed elbows with Jacqueline Kennedy, Mamie Eisenhower and Queen Elizabeth and was the only woman picked from show business, her private life left much to be desired. For those of us with our ears close to the Hollywood grapevine knew of the rather open friendship on the Warner lot of Diane McBain, under contract there, and George Montgomery, whose films were released by Warners. We knew, and were puzzled, too, about George's friendship with Ziva Rodann, his leading lady in films made in the Philippines.

Said a junior executive at Warners, "In this business it's hard to be prudish but I can't understand how a married man (at the time) like George Montgomery and a young girl with a reputation to protect, would be so open in their liking for each other. In fact, I heard rumors to the effect that the big brass, fearing talk and 'blind items' in the press, prevailed on both Diane and George to be more circumspect in their conduct on the lot and to give up the tennis games they enjoyed. After all, young Diane is a 'hot property,' one they wanted to protect as much as possible.

"They weren't too happy last year when she moved into an apartment of her own. Diane's quite a gal. Scarcely out of high school, the magazines already write of her as being a threat to every gal with a guy in Hollywood. She neatly lifted Troy Donahue from his more-or-less permanent sweetie at that time, Nan Morris, and was involved in a row with Nan. Diane knows about the talk of her being a *femme fatale*, junior grade, but it doesn't bother her. 'I don't see why girls would worry about me,' she says. 'I can date only one man at a time.' But even when Diane was only 17 and new to the studio, she was being whispered about during the filming of her first movie, 'Ice Palace.'"

OF COURSE Diane is pretty enough to raise any male's temperature. Practically a newcomer to films, the Glendale High School graduate merely went across town to star in "Ice Palace," "Parrish" and "Claudelle Inglish" as well as TV's "Surfside Six." A vivid, blue-eyed blonde, she's been called the most beautiful girl in Hollywood and has three beauty contest cups to prove it. She's been linked with a dozen of Hollywood's younger stars such as Richard Beymer, Lee Patterson, Chad Everett, then switched to older ones like Bob Evans (before his marriage) and Jerry Davis (Marilyn Maxwell's ex-husband). Diane sports jewels from mysterious admirers and is seen in Las Vegas with actors and socialites. She's been dating young Mark Nathanson, son of a millionaire real estate operator, but recently began to attend glittering higher-echelon parties with middle-aged, divorced Charles Feldman, an important Hollywood figure, president of Famous Artists. One columnist babbled on about "that gorgeous $2,500 diamond ring plus all that green folding stuff to splurge on a new wardrobe in New York" given Diane by the smitten Feldman. The gorgeous Diane herself loves to babble on about the letter she's received from the young Aga Khan who wants to meet her, and her other beaux, but never a word will she say about George Montgomery.

Dinah and George with their two children Melissa and John David, in happier days.

Ziva Rodann, however, is much more talkative concerning George. A young Israeli actress, long-legged, slim, she loves to wear white stretch-pants to show off her superb figure. In Israel she'd been a sergeant in the army and in this country she's had a small role in "The Story Of Ruth," and other films and has guested on a few television programs. An Oriental beauty with creamy skin, shiny, jet black hair and huge brown eyes, Ziva speaks with a slight accent that adds an exotic flavor to her talk. ("I'm trying to lose it but men tell me it makes me irresistible.") Apparently it has, for Ziva, an ambitious and publicity-seeking actress of 22, has dated many men, even broke her engagement to blond Skip Ward, 23, when dark Cary Grant, 58, began to romance her. Cary gave her a gold bracelet and when she went to the Philippines to become George Montgomery's leading lady in "Samar," Cary sent her four dresses. It would appear that Ziva forgot Grant's charms when she discovered the handsome ex-cowboy hero, George Montgomery. For four months they worked on the film which George produced, directed, starred in and co-authored.

When they finished work on the rugged back-country Philippine locations, the company returned to Hollywood but Ziva and George unaccountably traveled to Tokyo and Hong Kong. "We were only good friends," the exotic brunette actress recently explained. "George had dinner with me in New York a week before the divorce story broke. Then he confided that the situation with regard to his marriage looked very bad. I had no idea they would part. But George seemed to know something was going to happen.

"It may be that a European magazine made things worse for the Montgomerys' marriage. It printed a story that my Italian beau, Prince Orsini of Rome, arrived in Hong Kong and found me lunching with George and that the Prince suggested a duel. Although it was an untrue story, it contained Dinah's picture. Naturally, American columnists picked it up. Possibly Dinah saw the original story or the column items.

"Really, George was always talking about Dinah. Why, I even helped him pick out a very expensive vicuna coat for her. I'm most annoyed that I've been called a home-wrecker. All I want is to start a home of my own. Like any single girl I want a husband of my own, too, not someone else's. So I wouldn't be interested in Dinah's."

Be that as it may, it is apparent that absence didn't make Dinah's heart grow fonder. According to one intimate, "I think we can discount all those 'other woman' stories. The simple fact is that the divorce happened because Dinah and George have been separated so much due to their professional careers. That's the only theory that makes sense. He was half a world away for months making films; she went alone to Europe to film three of her TV shows. They grew so apart that when they finally came back together in October when George appeared on Dinah's show they were like strangers. Both are devoted to Melissa, nicknamed Missy, and John David, called Joby. But it wasn't enough to keep the marriage going. They finally decided on divorce because there was nothing else to do—or they would have done it. But I must say, during all the time I knew Dinah, I never saw any evidence that she was unhappy. If she was, she did a masterful job of keeping it from everyone."

THOUGH the marriage of Dinah and George seemed, on the face of it, one of the dreamiest in the land, it underwent stresses throughout the 18 years. When they married, many people thought they were misfitted and gave the marriage a year. The drivingly ambitious young singer was already famous when she met George, a diamond in the rough, who had left his Montana ranch to seek his fortune as a stunt man in the movies. "I'm still a farmer," he once said with quiet pride. Fox tried to build the rugged cowhand into a drawing room star. The treatment didn't take and he never quite made stardom. His feature roles have been mainly in low-budgeted movies.

When he displayed a talent for making Early American furniture reproductions, he opened a factory. But he still hankered for show business. So last year he tried a western TV series which unfortunately folded in a short time. Then he sold the factory and helped finance his own Philippine movies. A man of varied talents, George not only starred in and directed it, but shot stills, helped write the music, did the editing and cutting. In building their newest home, George also was designer, contractor and builder. A woman of teeming ambition, Dinah once said, "I wanted George to go to school and study architecture and I would take a course in painting at the same time. But George felt it would take too long for him to get his degree and said anyway, he loves acting better. You have to do what makes you happy."

It wasn't easy for George to find himself called Mr. Shore—an appendage of a great star who earns an estimated $10,000 a week. It wasn't easy to live with a wife who said, "What I'm striking for is an eight-day week!" As the youngest of 15 children on a Montana ranch, George had been spoiled by his doting family. In Hollywood, his good looks and quiet charm made him popular. He'd dated Ginger Rogers and was engaged to Hedy LaMarr when Dinah chanced to see one of his films. "I snagged him," laughed the velvet-voiced singer, "but I really never used aggressive techniques. I just made up my mind that he was going to be my husband. And that's how it happened."

AFTER they married, George was always courteous and sweet to Dinah but one sensed it was difficult to be the husband of such a great star. Once Dinah was asked to sing for the visiting Duke and Duchess of Windsor. She was so overcome by the honor that she declared, "I'll never be able to sound a note." George looked fondly at his wife and said, "Never mind, honey, I'll go back to work." This was a family type jest in Hollywood where many husbands are little more than domestic ornaments.

It's true that Dinah Shore is one of the most beloved women in Hollywood. "I'm not allowed to watch Dinah Shore on TV," a Hollywood wit once quipped. "She's so sweet she'd ruin my diet." But there were times when her temper showed. It's been said that occasionally she hurtles a hair brush across her dressing room in fits of private rage. Dinah declared this wasn't true. "I'm not a shouter," she said, "though I may be a sulker." And she sulked when George mentioned that he'd had the same workers in his furniture factory for years. "I suppose," Dinah snapped, "George is pointing out that we had six housekeepers in rapid succession before I found one to suit and I haven't yet found a satisfactory cook."

During her ten years with Chevrolet—"one of the most enduring love affairs in TV"—Dinah Shore worked very hard and she still does. "I never get to see my home before dark," she confided some time ago. It's been months since I have. Weekends we go to Palm Springs where I play tennis all day to unwind from the grind. In fact, the only meal George, the children and I have together, is breakfast."

Today Dinah breakfasts in a lonely mansion of glass, great white-quartz fireplaces, waterfalls, seven bathrooms, a 60-foot avocado tree growing right in the house and 8,750 square feet of living space.

Luckily she has her two youngsters to keep her from intolerable loneliness. **END**

The Secrets Of Horst's Love Life

continued from page 19

owned a wheat mill, and played with her in the wheat fields. They laughed and romped, and told stories and dreamed dreams—like children adrift in a fable.

"Then," Horst recalls, "we all left. We were taken away to another part of the country, and we were separated. There I suffered. I missed her very much. I missed playing with her. It was a strange feeling."

NOT until he met Miriam Bru, a gamin French beauty—dark-haired like the little girl in faraway and bittersweet memory—was Horst to know a love that moved him so deeply. But this time he had more to say about his destiny, and Miriam did not get away. She became his wife.

In the long interim—between the girl with the beautiful penmanship and the gallic actress he married—were Horst Buchholz's other loves. His secret loves. They merge in memory, vague and undefined—a bridge between two surpassing emotional milestones.

"I cannot say I was never in love again until I met Miriam," Horst smiles sheepishly, thus removing himself from suspicion of purity or emotional paralysis. "Oh yes, I was in love many times—and it was not only with brunettes. I like brunettes, but I like blondes, too. Now," he adds with a pointed smile in Miriam's direction, "I like brunettes."

However, the intermediary loves, the transitional loves left no mark. They were amours that perished in their own evanescence, not in the pain of parting.

"If I was ever heartbroken," Horst searches dubiously among his recollections, "it does not come to my mind. If I was ever heartbroken I got over it. I might recall it if I hadn't been in love *after* I had been heartbroken—because then maybe you suffer that much that you don't want to take it another time."

Horst smiles musingly as he talks about it, speaking in a pleasant, energetic voice, his light accent more continental that Teutonic.

"What I mean," he goes on, anxious to make his meaning clear, "is if you're really heartbroken, if your heart is shattered, you just suffer that much that you don't want to go on any more. I never felt that way. I may have had little disappointments—probably yes, but they were so small that I don't recall them. I was emotionally involved, perhaps, but then I was lucky. If it was broken up, I always broke it up."

He offers those reflections with painful honesty, not with bravado. Nor would it burden the credulity of his rapidly multiplying legions of distaff admirers to accept this account. Moviegoers the world over have fallen vicariously in love with the Horst Buchholz they have seen in "Tiger Bay," "The Magnificent Seven," "Fanny" and currently in "One, Two, Three." They would assume it as an axiom that when a romance ended the decision would be made by the deer-like German star who has been hailed—like it or not—as a continental Jimmy Dean.

His falling in love with Miriam, however, was not in the classic Hollywood tradition. It was neither a matter of animosity at first sight—as erroneously reported in some American quarters—or of love at first sight, as it was long ago in an East Prussian classroom.

They met while playing opposite each other in the German film version of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." Since falling in love in Europe apparently is not always, if ever, the instant confection it supposedly is in the United States, they developed no acute immediate feelings either of hostility or of affection. Only after the picture was completed did a chance reunion in Rome give them the opportunity to know one another better—and react romantically. Horst's emotions were slow to swim to the surface, but that is not to say he didn't come to rhapsodize over the delicate, soft-spoken French girl who won his heart with her piquant ways and warm empathy.

It was during Horst's first extended Hollywood stopover that he reflected on the pleasantly remembered events that took him out of circulation. We sat in his bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Horst, wearing a green polo shirt and mustard continental slacks, was sprawled comfortably on the couch. His wife, expectant and attentive to everything being said, sat facing Horst on the other side of the glass-topped cocktail table.

They were a charming, easy couple—Miriam, full of undisguised adoration, and Horst, no less brimming with affection. Despite her enciente condition, Miriam insisted on being the gracious hostess and came from the kitchen with a tray of cookies and tea. The latter she poured, European style, over a strainer, and it was delicious.

"I'd been mining for jewels for a long time," Horst waxed lyrical about the joy of losing his heart to Miriam, "and I came up with some precious stones once in a while. But all of a sudden I made the big hit. I found *the* big stone—and that's Miriam."

Miriam squealed with girlish delight as the glowing metaphors fell effortlessly from Horst's smiling lips.

"You have to be able to identify a bad stone from a very good one," he remarked, pleased with the seeming aptness of the analogy. "And I think I could do that. I found out that she was the most precious stone I ever came up with. Not only in the beginning, but after I got to know her more and more."

It was after they had parted in Rome, and he was in London making "Tiger Bay"—the picture that was first to bring him to the attention of American moviegoers—that the enormity of his attraction for Miriam fully struck Horst.

"As soon as I finished the picture," he recalls, "I called her on the phone to come over. When she came I said, 'We're going to be married.' Just like that. And we did. By then I had a lot of time to think about it. The picture took me four months. Over that period you have a couple of days to think, and I thought it would be wonderful to marry her if she wants me."

Nor did Horst, once stirred by desire for wedlock, have any qualms about the surrender of a bachelor freedom that, due to his abundant charm and mesmerizing looks, had been more than passing rewarding.

"I was not bothered by giving up my freedom, not at all," he wooshed the thought aside as of no moment. "I've done that. As for success with women, I've had it, and it was a wonderful time. Now this can't go on forever, because I don't want it to. It gets boring.

"There was nothing new to the life I had. I had my work on one side, and I had hotel rooms on the other side. And girl friends, and some real friends. It was just—it was always in a way the same. I could have carried on for another ten years, but it was nothing new."

He fell to exploring, in a retrospective use of the present tense, the ferment that he felt—the emotions and aspirations brought alive by his feelings for Miriam.

"There are many other things in life which I want to know," he explained further why it was no problem to put behind him the aimless pleasures of bachelorhood. "Marriage and living with a woman, the wife, the mother of my children, is another part of my life. And I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world. That's why I went to marry with Miriam. Maybe it could have been later, but I had had it."

Getting married, nevertheless, was not a coolly planned step in Horst's metamorphis. The logic in the pattern came only with later analysis. While it was happening it was almost as if he were impelled by mystic forces that told him with Miriam he could make a life that would be full, and that now he was ready for such a life.

MIRIAM elicited in him a feeling he hadn't experienced with any other woman. He felt that it was Miriam, and Miriam alone, whom he wanted to be the mother of his children. So three years ago, with love in his heart and the dream of children in his mind, Horst Buchholz married Miriam Bru—the German and the Frenchwoman offering a hopeful augury for the future as they ignored the old antagonisms of their countries.

"Now I didn't want so far children," Horst emphasized his awareness of the uniqueness of his affection. "No, never that feeling. Suddenly with Miriam I wanted very much children. I think this was the main point. If you want to have children, really want to have them—you are not going around avoiding them."

Curiously, as Horst spoke so appreciatively of his gracious young wife carrying their firstborn, her beauty—fragile and compelling though it was—was not among the virtues he thought to extol. He obviously was concerned with the woman rather than the facade—however lovely.

"She actually had the qualities of a wonderful wife," he probed further. "She had the quality to make my home comfortable, to be intelligent, to surpass bad situations in life, as this can happen once in a while. And she had a big heart and a big feeling toward me as I have a big feeling toward her."

Miriam, nonplussed by Horst's shameless homage, busied herself pouring more tea, but there was no concealing the blush that came to her cheeks.

"She makes my life happy," Horst said contentedly. "We have the same tastes. We found that out. We practically depend on each other. We trust each other. When she sees things I'm sure I like them, and I'm sure it's the other way around. Now this is quite rare, I think. I have met people with whom this didn't happen."

Moreover, their compatibility cut far beyond their common background of motion picture acting. It reached deep into their insides—where they lived, and where once they trembled as war-traumatized children.

"I don't want someone to fight," Horst spoke frankly of his marriage expectations. "We are so comfortable together. We are relaxed all the time. This is where friendship comes in—in a way. And this doesn't exist too often. We talked a lot before we got married.

"We talked about many different things, about our lives. We had a wonderful understanding for each other. Yes, Miriam had relatively the same kind of life I had. She was away from her mother for quite a while, which I was. Let's forget the fighting of the war, who started the war. But she had it because the Germans attacked France. The situation of war comes to Germany as well. We were both war children, war casualties. We both had the same emotional experience in common. When we talked we felt for each other."

From fear and separation in childhood to whatever compensations might lay in acting they had a bridge and a bond that held them fast.

"Having been in the same profession, the same business," Horst continued, "that produced certain facilities about things. You have another language. I don't mean the phony language of movie people. In this business you see more things as human beings. Otherwise I wouldn't be an actor. We understand each other's temperament more because of it."

Still it was no small satisfaction to Horst, and he admitted it readily, that Miriam has withdrawn from acting, leaving the field without contest to him.

"The husband is the *man*," Horst said in a tone suggesting the point was not arguable. "This takes a lot of intelligence and taste and diplomacy to surpass situations that would arise in a marriage between two actors. They should know about that before they get married—although this didn't come up with us until after the marriage.

"This is the most wonderful part of it—because she gave it up immediately. Maybe she suffered a couple of days, a week. You know it would come up, and she would say, 'Oh, why not.' Then it has disappeared completely. This makes me very happy that she's given it up so easy."

"Miriam and I had the same kind of life, so we understand each other," says Horst.

Miriam nodded vigorously, offering unsolicited assurance that her retirement was not a form of martyrdom.

"Naturally you suffer in marriage if you work because you can't be wife and actress," she shrugged with a reasoning smile. Before, when I was actress, when I come to my home after working all day, I'm tired and I want to go to bed. Now I am married, I like to prepare my home for my husband. I like to be every moment for him. If I work, I will suffer every moment because I can't be with him. I get more happiness being wife. Being actress all the time I will say, 'My goodness, why I am not with him? It's not possible. It's too different life."

What pleases Horst so much about Miriam's attitude is that it reflected her own thinking. It was not a matter of yielding to his pressures, although to be sure her decision dovetailed with his wishes.

"Well," he said candidly, "we talked about it, we both did. I thought it was much better not to go on with her career. I would have preferred it this way. She could have disagreed, and it would not have been a problem. I didn't press. No, no—I didn't press. I was very happy about it."

Horst and Miriam almost chorused heartfelt assurance that they didn't know what it was like to have a serious impasse—and that they never have been distressed by the mild ones.

Yet, while Miriam willingly acceded to Horst's desires, she did not seem so much submissive as she was responsive. She listened with pride-filled approval as Horst spoke, and often—lapsing from one language to another in mid-sentence—offered her own enthusiastic addendum. If he was the star, she was his willing and shining satellite. She felt *included*—and she was.

"I trust Miriam so much," Horst said with a gesture of finality, "that if she stands on a point and won't give in, I know I must be wrong. There must be something wrong in my thinking if she really stands on it. That just shows how much I believe in her judgment and in her taste and her instinct. If I didn't, I wouldn't give in, and I wouldn't bother to think whether I'm wrong. That is the way to solve problems if they ever occur."

A problem occurred right on the spot. With Miriam due to give birth in a few months, the matter of the baby's sex and the necessity to shop for baby clothes came up. It provided an unexpected test of their talent for accommodation.

"I think it's going to be a boy," Horst nodded, "but we take a girl as well. I prefer a boy."

"But I know when we have a girl," Miriam put in conciliatingly, "she makes him crazy for her."

"I always think," Horst reflected, "when I'm something like 40 or 43 my boy will be grown up."

There was no clearcut decision—nor any semblance of acrimony.

Then came the question of a suitable color for baby clothes.

"That I have not think about," Miriam commented, surprised that she hadn't. "I will take blue because it's good for a girl, and it's good for a man."

"No," said Horst. "You take white."

There wasn't even time to think about it. Horst had spoken on reflex. If ever there was a cue for an embarrassed silence, that was it. But there was no silence, embarrassed or otherwise.

"I take white if you want me to," Miriam said.

Horst Buchholz swung upright, flashing a beaming smile.

"You see how we solve our problems!" he exclaimed happily.

Did they always solve their problems that easily?

"Yes, most of the time," Horst replied. "I am very lucky. Very lucky." **END**

"What I Want For My Children"

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Todd were asleep in their separate bedrooms.

The den was an oasis of calm, too. It's a pleasant room in which to relax, furnished in contemporary style, but with Louis XV touches. Lamps and chairs are contemporary but not exaggeratedly modern. There are a Louis XV desk, end table, and marble coffee table. There's a piece of Rodin sculpture in the room, a Picasso on the game table. On the wall hang striking paintings. In one corner are book shelves, with a nice mixture of contemporary books like "Mila 18" and various classics.

"The house has been overrun with workmen," Debbie laughed. "It's been bedlam but the children love it. A long time ago I explained to them that Harry was buying us a new house so that we'd all be a family together. I promised Carrie and Todd, 'You'll each have your own room, done the way you like it.' In the other house they'd had separate rooms, but they were really infants' rooms. They hadn't been changed since the children were very small. They'd been too young then to be consulted about the decorating of their rooms.

"WHEN you are five, like Carrie," said Debbie softly, "you suddenly become very much of an individual and think you are very grown up. And so Carrie was delighted with the chance to tell what kind of a room she wanted."

It was to be a very girlish room, all pink and white. And that's exactly what she got—a four-poster bed with a white canopy over the top, trimmed with rosebuds. There are matching curtains and a matching white and pink bedspread.

"And what sort of room would you like, Todd?" Debbie had wanted to know.

His eyes shone. Todd thinks the greatest thing in the world is to be a soldier.

"A soldier room," he said.

Maybe some mothers wouldn't have quite understood what "a soldier room" is. But Debbie did. She and Helen Franklin, who has decorated previously for Harry Karl, bought furnishings to match Todd's dream. A soldier forms a handsome lamp base. Then there's a stool shaped like a soldier's drum. In the room is a collection of wooden soldiers. The curtains and walls have a red, white and blue theme.

"The children are mad about their separate rooms, and about the house," said Debbie. "They know Harry bought it mostly for them. If I were childless I wouldn't want such a large house, requiring a large staff of servants. In that case I'd prefer a small apartment and a part-time maid. But we have to have a space for children to grow up in and a large backyard, so we're stuck with a big house."

In view of Harry's generosity and Debbie's fame, how can she bring Carrie and Todd up to be normal, well-adjusted children who'll grow into happy, well-adjusted adults?

Spreading a delicate doily under her glass, Debbie took a sip of Coke, swallowed it, then went on. "The responsibilities of a movie star mother are the same as those of any mother."

When Debbie was making "It Started With A Kiss" in Europe about two years ago, she was away from the children for about five weeks. Even though she called home every evening to find out how Carrie and Todd were, the phone calls couldn't assuage her loneliness. She missed them so dreadfully she made up her mind she'd never again be away from them for more than a week at a time.

Recently, when she made "How The West Was Won," the children went on location with her to Kentucky and Colorado.

"It took us six months to make the picture," said Debbie. "I'll never again sign for a picture that might take that long. It just didn't give me enough time to be with the children.

"When we were on location, I'd get up at four a.m., and I didn't get home until six or seven in the evening. Under such circumstances, when do you see your children? Sure, you see them for an hour a day. I don't consider that being with the children. It's like being a guest. 'How The West Was Won' is a wonderful film, but the hours were tremendously long. When I got through working, I was so tired I didn't feel like playing with the children. I played with them anyway, and then I was twice as tired.

"In the future I shall make only two pictures a year—maybe only one—and never again one that will take six months to complete."

I asked Debbie, "Do you find it very difficult being both mother and father to the children?"

DEBBIE didn't evade the question. She looked at me directly, and said with candor, "I don't have to face that problem any longer. Before my marriage to Harry, I felt I had that responsibility. But Harry is wonderful with the children. He gives them masculine companionship. He has been around them almost three years. Since Todd was five months old, he has virtually known only Harry.

"The children are happy. They love their father but they do not miss him. Tney are used to not having him around. If they didn't have anyone, there would be a void in their lives. But Harry is there; they lean on his strength.

"This is one of those things that happen in a divorce and that a father has to accept. The one that's nearest—that's the man children naturally ask for ad-

"Harry is wonderful with the children," says Debbie. "He's a companion to them."

vice. That's the one to whom they turn for masculine companionship.

"There's a wonderful relationship between Todd and Harry. It's like a companionship of boys. Todd goes with Harry to the barber; they get haircuts together. When Todd has done something he's proud of, he's eager to show it off to Harry. Perhaps all he has done is to hammer nails into a board. But he has hit the nails right on their heads and driven them right into the board. In his three-and-a-half-year-old mind, he feels he has built something a man would appreciate. He wants to show Harry what he has 'built.' He says, 'Come, Harry, look at this,' or he says, 'We boys will go into the backyard and look at what I have built.' Carrie and I can't go to see it. Because of our sex, we're excluded. This is man to man stuff.

"But Carrie and I have our own little sorority. Sometimes I'll be combing Carrie's hair or figuring out a new style for her. Todd may come in. Carrie will then say, 'Todd, go play with your toys. This is just for girls.'

"Then, if Harry's home, Todd will go to Harry's room. Harry will read to him from one of Todd's books. He and Carrie have entirely different books. He has all the Doctor Suess books. Hers are typically feminine.

"I am delighted that my son Todd is all boy and my girl is all girl. Todd is interested in hammers, screwdrivers, firetrucks and cars, and Carrie in perfumes, powders, colognes, and dolls.

"Carrie is a delightful little mother. When she takes a nap, she puts all her dolls to sleep."

The children get more toys than Debbie feels any two children should have. They come from Harry, from relatives, from friends, and from fans. "We appreciate all these gifts, including those from fans, but the children get too many gifts. It isn't right that so many toys should rattle around in their rooms. Having so many toys would just spoil the children. So when we get gifts from fans, we give them to the church to be distributed to different homes, or we give them to people who are having a difficult time. Not necessarily people on relief; usually people who'd be too proud to take relief. My secretary and I sit down and write letters in the children's names thanking those who send gifts and telling them where the gifts have gone.

"Periodically," Debbie went on, "the children and I go over their toys, and we give away a lot of them. It is not good for children to have so many. If children have too many toys or dolls, they become fickle about them and don't have a growing love or attachment for one toy or doll in particular.

"Every few weeks I sit down with the children and say to Todd, 'Todd, you haven't played with this truck for two weeks. Don't you think it's time to give it away to some child who doesn't have so many toys?' Or I'll say to Carrie, 'Darling, it's been weeks since you played with this doll. Don't you think we should give it away?'

"Todd is more deeply sentimental and says 'Yes' right away. Carrie says 'Yes,' too, but takes a little longer to say it. Sometimes I think Todd shames her into giving things away. Not that she's selfish, but she's more eager to hold on to possessions.

"Carrie's favorite doll is Chatty Cathy. You pull a string and Chatty Cathy says about ten different things, like, 'I'm hungry . . . I want to go to bed . . . I love you.' Carrie carries on conversations with her.

" 'I know you're hungry,' she will say, 'but you'll just have to wait 'til lunch time.' Or she may say, 'I'm sorry you're sleepy. You can go to sleep when I do but not until then.'

"TODD doesn't really need store toys in order to have a wonderful time. He loves anything mechanical. When carpenters were streaming in and out of the house, one of them asked me one day, 'Have you seen my screwdriver, Mrs. Karl?' I hadn't but I had a pretty good idea who had. I asked Todd if he'd played with it and he said he had.

" 'I was building something, and I think I left it in the backyard . . . oh, no, I left it . . . I don't know where.'

"So he began to search for it and finally found it in his playhouse. He'd been nailing nails into the fruit tree."

"Is he allowed to do that?" I asked.

"No," laughed Debbie. "He has a work bench, but it's a little wobbly. As soon as I get a chance, I'll repair it for him . . . fix it so it's stable."

"Really?" I asked.

Somehow I couldn't picture Debbie—one of our top glamour girls today—sitting down with a tool kit and repairing her son's wobbly work bench.

"Sure," said Debbie, as though this were the most natural occupation in the world for a star. "I come from a family of fix-it-yourself people. If you don't fix things yourself, it takes a long time to have them repaired. After all, what do you do if it's two in the morning and the pilot light goes out?"

I said, "You ask your husband to get up and fix it. That's what I'd do."

"Harry," she said, "is not geared in that direction. He's been working in an office since he was seven years old. He didn't have the advantage I had of being raised in a family where everything in the home is done by members. My father was a carpenter, you know. When he made cabinets and chairs, I was with him in his shop. Though I can't do carpentry, I can do a lot of other fix-it-yourself things.

"I put most of the locks on the doors in this house. When the float in the bathroom broke I fixed it. When the washing machine stopped I took the hose off and cleaned it and the filter. It took me about three minutes to get the washing machine going. I couldn't get a repairman that day. If one had come, he probably would have taken about four hours and sent a bill for $40. We've been billed to death in this new house. Just imagine what the bills would have been like if I couldn't do anything myself!"

DEBBIE'S realistic, particularly where her children are concerned. She's not pretending her children have wings. She's delighted that they're normally well-behaved, and equally pleased because they're normally michievous at times. For a child never to be mischievous can be abnormal.

She doesn't believe in over-permissiveness, letting a child get away with murder.

"When the children misbehave they are punished, mostly by isolation and a good smack on the bottom," she told me.

"Discipline is very individual for children. To Carrie to be put alone in a room is the worst punishment. She is a ham, loves to perform, loves to be with people.

"If she deliberately breaks something or has a temper tantrum or sulks, I spank her occasionally. Not often. I am not opposed to spanking when it's absolutely necessary. My brother Bill got a thorough spanking when he was a small child, played with matches and set fire to the house. The spanking taught him a lesson he needed.

"Parents who never spank children aren't necessarily doing them a favor. Children want to feel parents are the bosses. It gives children a sense of security to know that you can take care of anything that comes up, protect them from everything, even their own misbehavior. When you're giving a child a spanking, you're the strongest person to him. He respects that.

"Carrie said to me one day, 'Harry is bigger than you, and Dottie (the nurse) is bigger, but you hit harder.' She was very proud of me. I've never spanked the children except when they've asked for it. Of course, children don't ask for a spanking verbally, but by their behavior.

"Take Todd, for instance. Maybe he'll leave his toys lying on the floor. I say, 'Todd, pick those toys up, or you know what will happen.' Todd may say, 'I don't want to pick them up.' 'Then I'll have to spank you.'

"He may say defiantly, 'I don't care.' Isn't that asking for a spanking? 'All right, Todd,' I say, 'go to your room. I'll be right up to give you a spanking.' "

Having once threatened to do it if he disobeyed, she has to go ahead with it.

Sometimes Carrie sulks because Debbie won't take her shopping. Usually Debbie takes her when she can, but when she says "no" the children have learned that she means it. At one time Carrie used to explode into a torrent of tears when Debbie said she couldn't come along. The moment Debbie went out of the door, the tears stopped. They were fulfilling no useful purpose. A calculating minx, that Carrie, but a very lovable one.

The children play together without any obvious jealousy. They have Teacher Tot toys—something like blackboards, only they're white. One of these white boards comes with magnetized letters; the other with magnetized numbers. Using the Teacher Tot with letters, Carrie learned her ABC's. Now the one with the letters is Todd's.

"Last night," laughed Debbie indulgently, "Carrie and Todd played with their Teacher Tot toys. Carrie asked him to name the letters. Whenever he named a letter correctly she'd say, 'Isn't that terrific? Aren't you clever?' (One can easily imagine she picked up these expressions from Debbie.)

"When Carrie's turn came, Todd asked her to identify different numbers, then to write them down. Carrie painstakingly scrawled a one, then a two.

"Her brother looked at the scrawl admiringly. 'Aren't you clever?' he said beaming.

"Carrie rejected the praise. 'You're just saying that because I said it.' "

It's hard to get most children to bed. But Debbie and Dottie, their nurse, play on the children's weakness, which is a love for surprises. The children love to get them; also love to give surprises.

When Dottie's with the children, she says to them, "Let's surprise mama. Why don't you get into bed by yourselves? That will surprise her."

So the children get into bed without further coaxing. Debbie comes up afterwards. Being an actress, she can make her eyes look large and wide and surprised. "I will carry on with excitement for half an hour," she laughs. " 'What a big boy you are, Todd,' " I say. " 'Imagine getting into bed all by yourself. Why, you're growing up so fast, I can hardly bear it.' " And she gives Carrie very similar treatment.

When Debbie's with the children at

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"WHAT I WANT FOR MY CHILDREN"

continued

night, she uses the same stunt Dottie does, only she says, "Let's surprise Dottie."

When they get into bed by themselves, the children blissfully believe that they have surprised Dottie.

There's no serious sign of jealousy between Todd and Carrie.

"When Todd was first born there was a little jealousy," says Debbie with her customary candor. "It was never on Todd's part, but on Carrie's. To help her get over it, I let her hold and feed him. I could never raise Todd without her help, I told her.

"Gradually her jealousy began to disappear. When there were moments of jealousy, I'd bring Carrie to the baby and she'd sing to him. It took about a year for her to get over her jealousy completely.

"I think we had the advantage of the girl being the older child. A little girl has a motherly instinct. When Carrie learned to mother Todd, she stopped being jealous. She still mothers him, picks out his clothes, even bathes and dresses him.

"Not long ago she said, 'Mommy, I'd like a baby brother or sister.'

"'And how do you suggest we get one?'" I asked.

"'Just order it. Call the store.'

"'Well,'" I temporized. "'I'm very much afraid that babies are out of season right now.'"

It was close to Christmas. Since Santa Claus was going to bring them other gifts, Carrie couldn't see why he should deny them this very special one.

"'If we're good, don't you think Santa Claus will get us anything we want? Why not a little boy or girl?'

"'Santa Claus is quite busy right now,'" I said. "'He's loaded with toys to deliver to boys and girls all over the world. He has only toys—no babies. Maybe someday we'll get that baby.'"

"What do you want most for your children?" I asked Debbie.

"I want happiness for them. I want to prepare them for life the best way I know how. I think the best way is to give them a sense of values and fine religious training.

"I take them to Sunday school every week. I've studied many religions and respect and admire them all. I don't want to advise other parents—who am I to advise them?—but I think parents should pass along the faith that there is Someone far wiser and with more inner strength than anyone on earth. That is the Almighty God. If children are brought up to believe this, they will never know fear. When they have periods of unhappiness such as come to every one, they won't be crushed.

"I want to teach my children philosophy of goodness such as my parents gave my brother and me. In everyone's life there are difficult periods that we must work through and mature through without becoming bitter or learning to hate the world.

"Whenever Bill and I have a disturbing situation or problems to face, we draw great strength from the faith our parents taught us. I'm going to raise my children to believe in God. If you can raise children with the belief that they can lean on God, they will have the inner strength to carry them through troubled times." **END**

What's Playing At The Movies

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effective weapon, really. Arlene Francis, Red Buttons, and Lilo Pluver make matters even more delightful once the energetic Cagney has set the pace. (U.A.)

THE THREE STOOGES MEET HERCULES

GEARED strictly for the juvenile trade, this is slapstick at its wildest. Moe, Larry and Curly Joe take it into their lumpy noggins to help Quinn Redeker, a struggling young scientist, perfect his time machine. The results throw them back to 961 B.C. and political upheaval. Actually, the chaos existing is small potatoes compared to the effect of the Three Stooges. In a welter of monsters, and super humans like Hercules, they always seem to fare exceedingly well, part of this feeling of well-being due, no doubt, to a large supply of tranquilizers. As the scientist with more brain than muscle, Quinn makes a surprising transformation much to the delight of Vicki Trickett and the welfare of all. Lots of fun, mayhem, special effects. (Columbia.)

TOO LATE BLUES

DIGGING those sounds of jazz like, man, they were never dug before, musician Bobby Darin is wrapped around the kind of soul that gets goosebumps at the thought of commercialism. Picking up the Darin downbeat, would-be singer Stella Stevens is a chick who apparently suffers from everything except receding gums (though 9 out of 10 dentists will tell you that *that*, too, can be caused by malfunctioning of the emotional stabilizing mechanisms). Hopelessly smitten by this taut bundle of way out distress, Darin makes the mistake of letting Stella out in public after they've become betrothed, or whatever you want to call it. Then, in a poolroom brawl, Stella learns Darin can't meet force with force. She seeks solace in another. This breaks up several combos and sends the shattered Darin into the arms of commercialism, including older women with money. Well, some people grow up one way, others another, and when Darin gets to be a great big boy, he sets out to rescue Stella and his swingin' combo again. Ogling anything that's ugly and tiresome, the cameras operate like Peeping Toms and add nothing to this remarkably confused and embarrassing display of fumbling artiness. (Paramount.)

DESERT PATROL

WITH an expertness that comes from years of practice, the British certainly are the ones for turning out a cracker-jack wartime adventure. In an ill assorted group the officers, John Gregson and Michael Craig, manage to look like each other and David Niven. The enlisted men range from the young, nervous chap who acts more like he's going to have the baby instead of his wife, to the cussin', swillin' rowdy with a heart of gold. It's strange that with the pattern so well known by now, this turns out to be a rousing thriller. Picked for their special talents, a handful of soldiers are expected to knock out a huge ammunition depot in the African desert. Unfortunately, the Nazis, well-taught in desert warfare, whittle down the number of British to where the odds for successful completion of the mission are almost nil. In a time when it is commonplace for men to shirk duty to their country, this unabashed show of heroism, is good for the spirit. (Universal-International.)

THE SINGER NOT THE SONG

THE toll paid for grappling with evil is something Father John Mills is quite prepared for, and even anxious to face. Yet, arriving in a small Mexican town to revive a crumbled parish and bring religion back, Mills hadn't reckoned on Dick Bogarde, a veritable Devil incarnate. There are vague hints that Bogarde's pathological hatred for the clergy has roots in his past. To rid the town of any priestly powers, he has actually forced everyone to reject the church. Still, Mills has unplumbed strength Bogarde hadn't realized. Gradually, against tremendous odds and few murders of innocent people, the priest manages to send Bogarde and his vile vaqueros packing. It's only a temporary respite. Bogarde finds another way to destroy Mills. The weapon is Mylene Demongeot, a local beauty. Filmed in Technicolor, this strives to discover if man's goodness comes from himself or his religious training. The answer is for you to decide. (Warner Bros.) **END**

He Hadda Have Heart

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logic and dogged determination that he uses to unravel enigmas of crime as TV's Detective Adam Faith, "Naked City" sleuth.

Of all the cops 'n' robbers dramas currently exploding into the nation's living rooms, "Naked City" is probably the hardest on its actors. Its producers shoot for realism. Their star is New York City. Scenes are done on location. Actors and camera crew fight constantly with traffic jams, curious crowds, blizzards, storms, power failures, municipal red tape and enough unpredictable headaches every day to send a Hollywood director running for his psychiatrist's couch.

You have to have a sense of humor and/or a gross of tranquilizers to survive eight to ten hours, six days a week as a member of the "Naked City" biographers.

Paul Burke has an excellent sense of humor and he is the team's best tranquilizer. At least that's what pretty Nancy Malone, who plays Paul's fiancée, says.

"Paul is not only one of the finest actors I've ever worked with," she said recently, "but he's an amazing guy. He can laugh at things that would make me cry. He sees the humor in every situation. He can make the rest of us relax when things start becoming absolutely impossible. And that's," she laughed wryly, "about 90 percent of the time!"

Paul's ability to put people at ease is immediately apparent when you meet him off-camera. His manner is frank and very direct. He has a warm smile that carves two dimples into his tanned cheeks and makes him look more like the kid next door home for a college vacation than the 35-year-old father of three children. He is a trim six-footer. There are flecks of silver in his wiry brown hair, but they don't belong to the rest of the man. There are crinkles around his slate-blue eyes, but they come from laughing and squinting into cameras—not from age.

He's happily married to a charming, attractive woman. His kids are healthy and well-adjusted. He lives in a cheerful home in a quiet, exclusive New York suburb. Everything about Paul and his surroundings is extremely comfortable and relaxed. And surface-wise, everything about Paul suggests that it was always this way. It wasn't.

For 15 years, he fought an uphill battle to get where he is today. It was a tough, tedious struggle. It ran the span of the U.S., with major theatres of action in Hollywood and New York. It was the kind of a fight that can drain a man physically and emotionally—if he doesn't have a steel spine and an iron will.

Paul has both. He inherited them. His father—Marty Burke, who lives with them today—is a genial, giant of a man, an ex-champion boxer and still a legend in prize-fight circles. His mother, Santa (now deceased), was a determined and fearless woman. She had to be. The Burkes owned and managed two nightclubs in the French Quarter of New Orleans. It was a rough neighborhood. A brawl a night was average.

Paul was born "above a bandstand" July 21, 1926. He was a quiet, "sort of introverted" kid. His biggest ambition for his first dozen years was to play drums. Mother said, "No. Too noisy." He took piano lessons instead.

When he was 14, he got his first job as a ballyhoo man for a neighborhood movie theatre. "I was supposed to keep the lines straight and moving. It was probably my first real acting role. I rehearsed for two nights in front of a mirror before applying."

Later, he joined a Little Theatre group. For two summers, they toured camps and circuit theatres. It was strictly amateur acting, but it got into Paul's blood. There was no other career for him.

At 18, he flipped a coin: "Heads, I'd go to New York, tails, Hollywood." It came out tails. He headed West with high hopes. "I was determined to make it big before I was 21."

SIX months and no job later, his spirits and money were both getting low. He flew home for the summer. Then Marty Burke remembered a friend in Hollywood, a director at 20th Century-Fox. Paul went back to California, looked up his dad's friend and landed a bit part in a movie. It was filmed, of all places, in New Orleans.

His buddies were so impressed that three of them joined him in Hollywood the second year. They set up bachelor quarters in a drafty old ballroom and enrolled in dramatic school.

Fortune didn't strike that year—but love did.

Paul met a shapely, vivacious blonde dancer named Peggy Prior. And suddenly, he didn't want to be a bachelor any more.

They became engaged during the Spring of 1946. But idealistic Paul insisted, "We won't get married until I've made it." Two months later, he plaintively confessed, "Honey, I don't know *when* I'm gonna make it."

"So why wait?" she calmly shrugged.

They didn't. They were married that June.

Their honeymoon started on an ominous note. They'd spent a few days visiting friends in Chicago. There was one party after another. They had plane tickets for an early morning flight to Memphis and on to New Orleans. At about 3 a.m. they had a choice of making another party or catching a few hours sleep before plane time. They were bushed, but typically impulsive Paul voted, "Let's stay up the rest of the night. We can't do both."

His weary and ever-practical wife countered, "Sure we can. We'll just take a later plane."

"You're brilliant, darling," he beamed.

It was literally a life-saving decision. The plane they were *supposed* to take crashed near Memphis, killing all aboard. "We didn't find out about it until we reached Memphis," Paul said. "We called my folks right away. Mother was already throwing Italian faints. We were pretty shook up, too."

For the next year, Paul and Peggy ran his parents' club. "My folks hadn't had a real vacation in years."

In 1947, they headed West again in a '39 Packard. It broke down in the desert in the middle of a dust storm. "I'm Irish-Sicilian," Paul said wryly. "That means I'm nervous and highstrung. Naturally, I thought it was the end. I gave a marvelously dramatic performance—ranting and raving about how we should have taken one of my buddies along. Peggy is the opposite. She's always been the sensible one. She fished a flask out of the glove compartment and said, 'Here, have a belt.' I did. She said, 'Have another.' I had two more and promptly fell asleep.

"When I woke up, the storm had subsided and we went to get help. I had visions of us walking and walking into the horizon. Forever." He smiled sheepishly. "It was a very romantic and impractical view. But that's the way I was. Well, we walked around a bend and found a gas station!

"Since then," he nodded musingly, "we've walked around enough corners and found enough gas stations to keep us going."

But there were some pretty bleak stretches between gas stations.

There was a three year stretch in Hollywood when Paul tended bar at night and studied dramatics in Pasadena Playhouse during the day. Peggy couldn't work. There was little Paula to take care of and Brian was on the way.

Paul's first alarm would go off at 6:30 a.m. He'd down a pep pill and turn over again until the second alarm clanged at 7. He'd stagger out of bed, splash cold water on his face and gulp two cups of black coffee. Then he'd speed across the Hollywood hills to acting school. Classes were from 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. He tended bar from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. He'd get home by 2:30, cram in a few hours of study and tumble into bed for a few hours. "I lived," he ruefully reflected. "on dexamil, black coffee and cigarettes."

He became a father for the second time, ironically enough, on opening night of a Little Theatre production of Strindberg's "The Father," in which he had a leading role.

There were four mouths to feed now. And Hollywood wasn't a well-stocked larder—even for a bona fide "graduated" actor. Television was still in its awkward, infantile stages. ("To stage actors, it was a crazy little world where people walked

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around in green and purple makeup and didn't know what they were going to do next.") In the movie industry, "they were doing more firing than hiring."

In the Summer of 1950, a writer friend told Paul he could "arrange" a New York movie audition. Paul jumped at the chance. He arrived via day coach from Los Angeles, with $42 in his pocket.

The next morning he was told that the part had already been cast.

"Look," Paul said desperately, "I've got a wife and two kids in California who are counting on my getting this job. I haven't even got the fare to get back there."

The agent grunted and shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth. Paul's story wasn't new. "Can you do comedy?" he asked.

"Sure." Paul said quickly. He had never done a comedy role in his life.

But he auditioned for and won a lead role in a summer stock tour of "But Not Goodbye."

That fall, he came back to New York with little more money than when he'd left, but a feeling that he'd notched a foothold.

Again, it was a rough stretch between gas stations. For 12 jobless weeks, he pounded pavements and camped in agents' offices.

"I MADE the rounds fanatically, starting at 8:30 in the morning. . . . Who ate? Maybe hot dogs for 12-cents at Grants. I lived in a cheap room in the Hotel Iroquois. There was another struggling young actor there—Jimmy Dean. We became friends. We had two things in common: both of us were deadly determined to land good acting roles and neither of us could pay the rent."

When the need to eat became stronger than the longing for art, he signed to make a series of training films for Army and Navy base use.

"My first paycheck was $250. It was like $250,000."

He was eating regularly and sending money home, but it wasn't a very satisfying way of life.

"I felt terribly frustrated. What I was doing was leading me exactly nowhere."

Actually, where it led was to a collapse —from physical exhaustion, poor living, and a serious infection in his right arm. One rainy night in the Winter of 1952, a doctor looked down at Paul as he lay weakly in bed, and said gravely. "You are terribly run down. There's a danger of this infection spreading through your whole system. You have to go home and rest—complete rest—for at least two or three months.

"But, Doc," he protested, "I've got to work."

"You can't work," the doctor snapped. "You can't even get out of bed. Anyway," he added, "with your temperament and

"Naked City" is tough work, says Paul, but he gets a great satisfaction from it.

your responsibilities, acting is too much of a strain for you. When you're stronger, get a steady job and forget it."

Paul went home to bed. But he didn't "forget" about acting.

He swore Peggy and his father to secrecy about his illness. When his agent called, some two weeks later, and said Warner Bros. wanted to audition him for a big movie role, he painfully crawled out of bed, "with that arm hanging like a lead weight," and kept the appointment.

He had an added handicap. The day before, he'd had a tooth pulled. They thought it might be causing the infection. He made a quick visit to his dentist for a temporary bridge. "I could hardly talk," he remembered, "and my arm was killing me. But the role was a wonderful break and it meant a lot of money. I auditioned and I thought I was terrible."

Warners thought he was great. He got the part—opposite Burt Lancaster and Chuck Connors in "South Seas Woman," a "sort of 'China Marines'-'Caine Mutiny Courtmartial.' " It was a very demanding role that required the sensitivity and maturity of a seasoned character actor. It put Paul in the spotlight as one of Hollywood's most promising young actors.

It also "cured" his arm, just as, he laughed, "getting married to Peggy cured the ulcers I'd developed at 17."

Neither the ulcers or a bum arm has bothered Paul since.

For the next eight or nine months, he freelanced at movie and TV studios. "Things were looking up. I decided to give New York another try."

He arrived early in the Fall of 1953. "This time I was determined to land a Broadway role." With two other actors he rented a cold water flat in upper Manhattan. "And I made the rounds—*fanatically!* I was so intense about it, that if I'd see one of my roommates walking down the street, I'd cross over to the other side to avoid meeting him and wasting a few precious minutes talking.

"I got to hate Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, because it meant I couldn't see any agents. Most of all," he scowled at the recollection, "I hated baseball. I hit New York at World Series time. I'd walk into agents' offices dead serious about doing a reading, and all they wanted to know was, 'Who's up at bat? What's the score?' It was maddening! Of course," the scowl slid into a little smile, "when the Dodgers came to California, *that* was *different!*"

That winter and spring, he landed some good TV parts. "I had a big advantage over the first time," he said. "Two or three movies in which I appeared were playing on Broadway. When an agent said, 'But I've never seen your work,' I could come back with, 'Well, you might catch the show at the Paramount, or the Capitol.' "

One afternoon, after a particularly good Studio One performance, he walked into the Cromwell Drugstore—a TV bigwig hangout. "Guys who had never bothered before, were nodding to me. I knew I had arrived."

He got terribly homesick just about then. "I followed the impulse, and hopped a plane for California. It was a good move. The phone started ringing." It didn't stop.

During 1955 and 1956, Paul appeared in almost every major video dramatic show.

In 1956, Jack Webb was looking for a young actor to play the veterinarian Noah in "Noah's Ark." Webb tested about every up-and-coming young actor in Hollywood. None satisfied him. From the beginning, he'd had a certain man in mind. But he couldn't quite place him. Then he suddenly remembered. "That guy who went through the window in a 'Dragnet' last year," he bellowed to his secretary. "Get him for me!"

The guy who "went through the window" was Paul Burke. Paul got the Noah role. He followed it with another series, "Harbor Master," with Barry Sullivan. In 1959, he went to 20th Century-Fox to audition for a movie and landed up in another TV series—as an undercover agent in the European spy thriller, "Five Fingers."

"Five Fingers" bit the dust in December, 1959. "I called up my agent," Paul ruefully recalled, "and I said, 'I hate to give you this message for the third time, but the show is being dropped.' He said, 'If you can be in New York on Thursday —it was Tuesday—I can get you a test for "Naked City." ' "

Needless to say, Paul was in New York Thursday morning.

He improvised a scene with Nancy Malone—"the best actress I've ever worked with"—right before the lunch break. After lunch, they said, "You've got the part. We'll make a pilot Monday."

It was Paul's introduction to the spark and spontaneity of his current "bread 'n' butter."

Paul loves the "Naked City" show—even if it means that he only gets one day off approximately every two months. "It's the kind of a good, solid series I always wanted," he smiled. "We do a lot of improvisational things. It's a real challenge. It's tough work, but there's a wonderful satisfaction when you accomplish what you set out to do."

What does he have in mind after next fall? Paul thoughtfully chewed on the question. "I'd like to do some more features on TV," he said finally, "and, of course," a little twinkle danced in his eyes, "I *must* do a play one of these days. Then," he nodded slowly, "I see an end to acting in the not too distant future. I want to direct. It's much more creative. I'll probably tackle movies first. And if I prove myself there, then the theatre."

Right now, he's too busy being a daytime detective and a weekend father to worry about the future. He gets up at 6, every morning—with *one* alarm. "I hit the sack at 10 these days," he laughed. "I can still work well without much sleep, but the camera knows the difference." It takes him about one hour to drive into Manhattan. Shooting starts about 9, often runs until 7 p.m. He gets home about 8:30. He and Peggy have a quiet dinner and then he plays pool, badminton or baseball with the two older kids, Paula, 13, and Brian, 11, before studying tomorrow's script. Sometimes Peggy meets him in New York and they'll have dinner and take in a show.

Sunday, his one day off, is "family day." He spends it exclusively with Peggy and the kids. Occasionally, friends from the city come to visit.

"I'm crazy about this house," Paul confided. It's a solid, white stucco six-bedroom cottage, tucked in the middle of eight sprawling acres. According to legend, it was built as a summer home in 1914 by the financier, J. P. Morgan. Morgan put in one of Westchester County's first swimming pools. The house is rustic, cool and comfortably lived in—with burnished wood paneling and a fireplace that works. Paul stumbled on it during his first weeks of "Naked City" in the Summer of 1960. Peggy and the kids moved in that September. The Burkes also have a modern home in Palm Springs, California.

The house is down a winding road and it coyly peeks out from behind stately old oaks and towering firs. For Paul, it's a wonderful retreat from the grit of New York, the prying eyes of the camera and the tripping tongues of gossips.

Few of his Scarsdale neighbors are aware that a celebrity lives in their midst. Most of them don't even know that he's an actor. One afternoon last fall, a fan magazine photographer, on an assignment to shoot Paul at home, lost his bearings. He stopped to ask directions at a house which he thought was in the general vicinity of his quarry.

"Paul Burke, the TV actor?" the lady of the house politely echoed. "No, I'm afraid I don't know anyone by that calling."

Anonymity suits Paul and Peggy to a tee. "We're not celebrity hounds," Peggy quietly explained. "We want the kids to grow up as normally as possible."

From all outward appearances, the little Burkes seem to be doing just that. A good part of the reason why is a consistently stable home front. Paul and Peggy have been happily married for 15 years.

Unlike many TV "widows," Peggy isn't the least bit jealous of the little glass-faced box that's stolen her husband. "I see a lot more of him *now* than I ever did in the beginning," she cheerfully pointed out. **END**

He's His Own Boss Now

continued from page 32

Even in formulating his declaration of independence, Fabian Forte remained sensitive about the feelings of others, took care not to kick over the traces. His mood was one of reasoning, not of spite. His emergence was one of growth, not of angry revolt—although in fact he was rebelling against many of the restraints he had accepted so submissively in the past.

"But now," he said flatly, yet without rancor, "when I go out on a date, I want to have a good time with somebody of my own choosing. If I don't feel like getting dressed up in a tuxedo and going out to a premiere, I think it's my privilege to still go out and do something else and have a good time. That's how I feel about it."

Coming from easygoing Fabian, that statement—"That's how I feel about it" —once might have sounded like naked audacity. Even now he did not issue it as an imperious battle cry, but it gave warning of a new strength in his personality—a surging will, an air of authority that he got across with deceptive softness of speech, a fresh assertiveness that he wore with the pleasure of a surprise present he might have received for his 19th birthday.

It was a new Fabian talking—no longer carefully nurtured and monitored in every thought. Suddenly he had the temerity to admit to feelings of his own. It was a Fabian awakening from adolescent slumber with the resolve to make whatever modifications were necessary, minor or major, to live a life of his own.

His first order of business was to live his personal life according to personal preference—not to sacrifice his emotions and needs on the altar of a public image. He had had his fill of off-stage pretense, no matter how harmless the masquerade or how his career might be advanced in the process.

"I just feel more comfortable being myself," Fabe declared with a bland smile. "When you do something for publicity, it's not really wrong—you're not doing anything *that* false, you know—but the thing is that if you do something you really like to do, or if you're with someone that you like to be with, it makes you feel better. And you're doing it for the same purpose, and it comes across the same way, so why shouldn't it be that way?"

THE question was rhetorical. Fabe wasn't asking. He was giving notice that from here on, as of his 19th birthday, he was his own man—let no man, in guise of friend or foe, seek to make it otherwise. The measure of his astonishing strides in self-esteem was provided when Fabian made so bold as to venture that at 19 he was ready enough, mature enough, wise enough and man enough to make a go of marriage—*were he so disposed.*

"I feel that if I were to get married at a young age," Fabe blithely reasoned, "I would be more ready for marriage than someone else the same age. From traveling and meeting people, because of responsibilities I've had earlier in life than most guys, because I've been in a position to see a lot of life, I feel that way. I might be wrong."

The last he dropped as a polite concession to modesty. His belief, however, was spoken with conviction.

"Two years ago I would be just guessing about a thing like that," he conceded. "But I could marry now if I wanted to. If I were to happen to meet someone I fell in love with, there would be nothing to stop me from getting married. I'm at an age where I'm really susceptible."

Fabian's expression of confidence in his manhood was no more than that, however. As tantalizing as his remarks were, they did not translate that he actually was on the verge of forsaking bachelorhood while still in his teens. He was wily enough to cover his tracks so as to leave no doubt on that score.

"The thing is," he smiled boyishly, "I must be honest. Marriage right now is the furthest thing from my mind. I feel there's so much work ahead of me—in the business and with my personal life—that I wouldn't want to get married for a while. Unless I really fall in love, which would be the only way I would do it. And I would rather not at this point."

What seemed important to Fabe was that he wasn't sidestepping marriage in

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HE'S HIS OWN BOSS NOW

continued

obedience to a mastermind's blueprints for his future, but was responding to the dictates of his own thinking.

"I just *don't* want to get married right now," he reiterated. "I've got enough on my mind."

Principally what has been on Fabian's mind—and with encouraging results—was his new look as an actor, first hinted at in "North To Alaska" and recently acclaimed with his offbeat performance as a mad dog teenager in a controversial "Bus Stop" segment.

Fabe had just come from a rehearsal of the twist for his upcoming 20th Century-Fox picture, "Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation," and he noticed, almost with tearful joy, that the same critics who had been razzing him mercilessly as a singer now had lifted once vitriolic pens in his praise as an actor. Unless circumstances conspired to trip him up, his plans were to woo his career first—and let romance cool its heels in the wings.

Being a gentleman as well as a young fellow of steely purpose, Fabian admitted that he thought it only fair to avoid any pleasures that might arouse false hopes among his girl friends—not excluding front runners Kathy Kersh (the new Miss Rheingold) and Barbara Megellanes of Philadelphia.

"I guess I do drop a couple of hints, you know, to let the girls know I'm not interested in getting serious," he said, almost apologetically. "If it ever does happen that a girl really gets serious, I would just call it quits before anyone got hurt—if *I'm* not serious."

Serious or not, the new Fabian is not therefore indiscriminate. No matter how nice the pickings might be, he intends to do the picking himself. However, Fabe was constrained to acknowledge that the protection he realizes as an automatic bonus from being a traveling troubadour is balanced, unhappily, by some poignant disappointments.

"I'M not around long enough to go steady with anyone," Fabian revived a bachelor dodge which has served him before. "That's the truth, and it gives me an easy out, I'll admit, but you can mess up a lot of friendships like that, too. If you get to know a girl and you like her and get along fine, by the time you come back you have to start all over again. That's the only disadvantage."

Fabian contemplated this dilemma with appropriate sadness—and with saving philosophical acceptance.

"It happens all the time," he said of his abortive romances. "I feel bad a couple of days after I leave town. Then it's all over, and the feeling is gone. I think, 'Gee, I wish I could have stayed with her a little longer,' but then after I'm working I forget."

Despite his distaste for make-believe

Serious romance is out for Fabian—he plans to concentrate on his rising career.

romance, Fabe met luscious Kathy Kersh for the first time on a staged date layout at Santa Monica Beach. The first time he laid eyes on Kathy their lips also met. The photographer ordered it that way. They enacted a tempestuous day at the beach, full of loving embraces and clinging kisses. Fabian needed no prompting to pick up from that warm, albeit contrived, beginning.

"We got to know each other and we started to go out, and that was it," he related matter-of-factly. "I hadn't seen Kathy for about a year and a half, and then I bumped into her once on the Paramount lot. I said, 'Why don't we get together?' She said, 'Fine,' and I've been going out with her ever since."

To sanctify their romance, Fabe has seen to it that there have been no more date layouts and no more public appearances. He likes Kathy for her own sake—and he has taken the position that even the harmless combining of business and pleasure might give her the wrong impression and might make him feel like less of a man.

Similarly, Fabe recently vetoed his New York publicity man's suggestion that he do a date layout with pretty Barbara Megellanes, a Philadelphia secretary. Fabe met her on his own about five months ago, and has taken pains to keep it that way—a bona fide romance without taint of publicity.

Fabian was blunt in turning down the magazine layout with Barbara.

"I told my New York publicity man I'd rather not," he said, "because suppose six months from now when the layout came out I wasn't going with her anymore. Then she'd only be bugged all the more by her friends. I felt there's a million girls you can get for a date layout. Why does it have to be this one?"

Evidently the press agent was impressed by the novelty of his once docile client having the gumption to speak up.

"No reason," he dropped the matter. "I just asked."

"If she were in the business," Fabe shrugged. "it would be different. She wouldn't care. But here's a girl who's a secretary and lives an ordinary life. Why should I disrupt it?"

Fabe modestly overlooked the distinct possibility that he already *has* disrupted Barbara's life—even without—benefit of publicity, not to mention the twin possibility that she has shaken him up somewhat, too. An unmistakable gleam came into his eyes when he talked about Barbara. He made her sound very much like the kind of girl he enjoys the thought of coming home to.

"Barbara is a very sincere, warm girl." Fabian said, giving her a glowing testimonial. "She's not like other girls who want to go out all the time to night clubs and things like that. We can go to a neighborhood movie or sit at a hot dog stand, and it's nothing to her. We drove into New York one day, where we caught a picture and dropped in at a couple of offices to say hello to some friends. We always get along fine. If I don't feel like going out, I just go over to her house and watch television."

Fabian felt obliged to say some kind words about Kathy Kersh, too—and in the same vein.

"Kathy has the same quality," he smiled. "There are some girls you never feel free to do that with. You feel you have to have a big evening out. With Barbara and Kathy you don't have to get dressed up all the time. If you don't feel like shaving, you just go over anyway."

Fabian's appreciation of these two dolls on opposite coasts offered a clue to another area in which he has pretty nearly made up his mind—and with very little seeming concern about how disappointed Hollywood starlets may react to the bad news.

"I STILL feel," he stated, eyes twinkling, as he reverted to his marriage requirements, a subject obviously not without some fascination for him, "that things like hair and coloring and eyes don't really make a difference. Personality is important, of course—you know, if we can both get along great together. But I would prefer, honestly, someone not in the business. I've seen enough now where I'm convinced one career in a family is enough.

"I just feel any girl I marry should just be a wife. Her kicks should come out of my success. I don't like the idea of any wife of mine being off on location someplace when I'm off on location somewhere else. With only one career, I can take her with me if I want to. Her main interest in life should be me.

"And I don't think I'm looking at it selfishly. I feel that when I get married that will be it, and I don't want any outside complications. I would just feel better with a hometown girl, someone who understands the kind of life I like, who understands the kind of family I come from, the way I was raised. I still enjoy doing a lot of the things I liked to do when I was a kid."

Whoever ends up wearing Fabian's ring in the end—an actress or a homebody—she will be getting a man, not a mouse. Fabe no longer is the meek, compliant teenage idol who once was so timid about expressing an idea or a desire of his own.

The striking thing is that the new Fabian has staked out his independence without striking cocky airs or setting down foolishly hard and fast rules. Even in the all-important matter of matrimony, Fabe conceded with a grin that it well might turn out differently from the way he idealized it.

"I suppose I still might marry someone in the business," he granted amiably. "You never can tell. I guess there's more chance of it happening because I'm with people in the business every day."

Carrying that concession a step further, he was careful to avoid any ironclad ban on dating movie princesses at kleig lighted Hollywood bashes. He simply was determined to do it on his own terms and with his eyes wide open.

"If I happen to meet a girl in the business and we get along—fine!" he said charitably. "I'm not saying that I'll never go out with a girl in the business—although lately I seem to have been meeting girls not in the business. It just happens that way.

"When a date is arranged for a premiere or something like that, we can always get along for the couple of hours that we're together, but it's so business-like. You know, if you're supposed to be out with a girl for a date layout or something on that order, you're 'on' all the time. You just make the best of it, but there's no real feeling."

One of the few exceptions to this bleak rule was Shelley Fabares, a stranger to Fabian until their advisers paired them for the Hollywood unveiling of "The World of Suzie Wong."

"I took a real liking to Shelley," Fabian said, "and I asked her out again. We hit it off nicely. It was just her personality. We didn't talk about the business all night, or this was going to do us good, or anything like that. It was just a matter of our getting along well. She's a very down to earth girl. She has no airs. She's very human."

Fabe himself is very human. He feels he is a big boy now, and he wants to act and be treated accordingly. That means having the right to think for himself, having a voice in his decisions, and having some privileges at least remotely commensurate with his responsibilities.

"I'd like my thinking considered, just considered," he said feelingly. "That's all I ask. Even if you make a few mistakes it's good for you. You know what I mean. I feel I've reached the point where I need to make a few decisions of my own—not all of them."

He did not attempt to evade the obvious impact of what he was saying.

"I want to be treated as if I have a mind of my own," he hammered it home. "I think I'm capable of making decisions that will *work* for me. I've read a couple of things that I felt were not right when other people thought they were just what the doctor ordered. It turned out that they were wrong and I was right. I'll never throw it up to anybody, but it just makes me feel that I can make a right move once in a while."

Any hint that Fabe, in his new state of mind, might go hog wild and do himself damage, meets with a gesture politely short of derision.

"There's no reason for that," he said earnestly. "At a risk of being a little immodest, I feel that I've worked hard, and to goof it now would be kind of ridiculous."

His feelings—and he stated them without window dressing—were that he had served his apprenticeship with hard work and obedience, and that he had earned the right to stand on his own feet.

"It's funny the way this business makes you feel a couple of years older," Fabian ruminated. "At times I feel older

(*continued on page 54*)

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HE'S HIS OWN BOSS NOW

continued

than 19, and sometimes I feel 13. Sometimes I get very serious about the future, and I wonder what's going to happen. Like if I was in school right now, I'd be in college. All I'd be doing is going to school and just worrying about my studies and things like that.

"Now I have to worry about if this next picture is going to be good for me, if this next song is going to be all right. Are my mother and father happy? Am I doing enough for them? Am I thinking right as a human being? Am I hurting anybody on the way up? All these things work on your mind. Usually a much older person would have these problems."

Fabian was in the throes of acting on a monumental discovery—that manhood was something asserted, not conferred. And when it was achieved, no shouting or posturing was necessary. It became a fact of life and was recognized—even in his own home where, he learned happily, it is not necessarily true that a prophet is without honor.

"I guess I'm getting a little bit older," Fabian smiled softly. "Now my father'll ask my opinion on a lot of things. How do I think this would look in the house? What do I think of that, and so forth. I told him some of my professional plans and he said, 'Well, this is your business. You have more experience than I have. If you feel it's right, go ahead.' That makes me feel good. My father doesn't treat me like a kid anymore. He treats me like a man."

The new Fabian obviously will brook no less from anyone else—for a simple reason. He *holds* himself a man—with all the hazards and the prerogatives. **END**

"I Cried My Way Through High School"

continued from page 27

believe I've ever had anything else to wear since that I thought was quite so beautiful."

Cynthia, daughter of veteran vaudeville, radio and night club entertainer, Jack Pepper, and his wife, Dawn, made her stage debut on Broadway when she was four years old.

The show was "It's A Gift," starring Julie Harris, and Cynthia was cast after a scout saw her in a dancing class.

"I can't remember much about the show," Cynthia says, "except that in one scene a maid was supposed to pick me up and carry me off stage with my back toward my audience.

"As the maid carried me off, I realized my short, stiff skirt was standing straight up and my panties were showing. I was overcome by modesty. I gave the audience a hurried, embarrassed look over my shoulder and gave my skirt a yank.

"It was impromptu, but the audience howled. The director thought it was so funny he kept it in the show."

Cynthia can vaguely remember that she had whooping cough during rehearsal but recovered before the opening.

"Funny thing, too," she says, "on the 'Margie' set the other day a boy came up and asked if we hadn't met somewhere before. We talked for a while and found that we had both lived in New York. He asked if I had acted there, and I told him about being in 'It's A Gift.'"

"'I remember you,' he said. 'You were the girl with whooping cough. Everyone was so afraid you wouldn't be well in time for the show.'

"He was in the show, too, it turned out. Wasn't that a coincidence?"

Cynthia and her family lived in Virginia Beach for a while, and she remembers this interval with pleasure.

"The Atlantic Ocean was so pretty," she says, totally ignoring the California Chamber of Commerce.

The Peppers moved to Dallas, Texas, next, and Cynthia started to school there. After six years in Dallas, the Peppers settled in Los Angeles where Cynthia attended high school and college.

The griefs she suffered in high school —griefs which Cynthia thinks are shared by all teenage girls—eventually developed in Miss Pepper a confident philosophy.

"I believe," she says, "that everything works out for the best. I have had some disappointments, but I have discovered that when I don't get something I want, something better usually comes along.

"For example, I wanted terribly to be a cheerleader when I was in the tenth grade. But, in order to be eligible, I had to have no grade lower than a 'B.'

"Just before the cheerleaders were to be chosen, one of my teachers sent for me and told me not to try out. He said I was going to get a 'C' in his class, and I would be embarrassed if I were selected cheerleader and then were disqualified. I was heartbroken, but I didn't try out.

"Then, when grades were issued, the teacher gave me a 'B' and I was sick. I thought he'd intended to give me a 'B' all the time and had kept me from being cheerleader just to be hateful.

"It worked out all right, though, because a little later I was elected vice-president of the class, which was a bigger honor. If I'd been cheerleader, I might not have had time to run for class office.

"Then, about boys, things worked out the same way. For the best eventually. I was crazy about a boy who was dating me until I found out he was dating another girl at the same time. When my rival and I met one day on the school quadrangle, it was just like 'High Noon.

"Everybody stopped talking as we walked toward each other. Now that I think about it, the whole thing must have been ridiculous, but, at the time, it was very serious. We walked—each of us alone—toward each other while her friends stood behind her and mine stood behind me. Nobody said a word.

"Then, when we got close together, I said, 'I hear you are dating So and So.'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I am.'

"'But,' I said, wondering what the next move was supposed to be since we weren't wearing guns, 'you can't. He dates me.'

"'I'm dating him, and what are you going to do about it?' my rival asked—a sensible question actually.

"There wasn't a thing I could do about it, and so I walked away—gunned down, so to speak.

"It was a dreadful moment, but that worked out all right too, because I got him back. Then he left for Europe."

The romance with the boy who went to Europe was so serious that his family invited Cynthia to go with them and visit his relatives in Austria.

"Or was it Czechoslovakia?" she wonders now. "I told my mother I was going, but she knew all the time I wouldn't when the moment of decision came. The boy and I said a sad goodbye, and that was that. I believe he is in New York now."

One of the most convincing proofs that things work out for the best, Cynthia thinks, is her experience with the "Margie" role.

"Before I knew about 'Margie,'" she says, "I hoped to get a part in another series. I didn't get the part and was crushed, but then the series didn't sell. If I'd gotten the role in the other show, I wouldn't have been considered for 'Margie' and now, since the other series didn't sell, I'd be out of work."

Cynthia, who is a few years older than "Margie" (but not many), looks so young that a storekeeper recently refused to sell her cigarettes she was trying to buy for her mother.

With her blue-eyed blondness and sprinkling of freckles, she looks something like Doris Day. There is also about Cynthia a suggestion of the late Margaret Sullavan. This may be due not to facial contour so much as to an air of candid innocence.

The fact that Cynthia is both candid and innocent gave rise to an incident that convulsed her more sophisticated colleagues. Jack Pepper was married to Ginger Rogers before he married Dawn, Cynthia's mother. Cynthia, seeing Miss Rogers for the first time on a set, couldn't wait for an introduction. Approaching the glamourous actress with admiration and frank friendliness, Cynthia said:

"How do you do, Miss Rogers. I'm Cynthia Pepper. I believe you were a friend of my father."

Cynthia, attending Los Angeles City

(*continued on page 56*)

HE HAD REPORTS PROVING THAT

PEOPLE LIVE TO BE 120 AND OLDER without arthritis, rheumatism, weakness, constipation and nervousness.

I sat like a child before my master as this man I had never seen before told me an amazing story. He stood tall and strong, with bronzed skin, white beard and unforgettable eyes that had seen the suffering of all mankind and wonder of all creation. His eyes held me with a grip of iron as he started his incredible story!

DETERMINED TO LEARN SECRET

"It started with news reports and legends of a strange, wonderful people who lived in the Himalaya Mountains. They lived to be 120 and older, without arthritis, rheumatism, constipation, weakness, nervousness and other afflictions that are common to us. With God's help," he said, "I was determined to learn their secret, not only for my own tortured life, but as a blessing for everyone.

"I visited many lands. Lonely travelers would tell me amazing stories of people much like those I read about, where pain and illness were rare and even the aged walked with the vitality of youth. Each traveler tried to learn their strange secrets. They failed. I swore that I would not!

I LIVED IN CONSTANT PAIN

"Two long years passed. I lived in constant pain. I had given up hope when I entered a small village; magically tranquil, unrushed. Even the aged seemed radiant with vitality. I learned that they had a fantastically long life span. Illness and pain were rare. I was convinced they were much like the people of the Himalayas. I told them of my pain and begged to learn their secrets. They refused. They told me of greedy profit-seekers who asked for these secrets.

TORTUROUS LOAD LEFT BODY

"As I lived among them a change began taking place within my body. My crippling mental agony was gone. The torturous load left my aching body and, as if by a miracle, I felt stronger, younger than ever. I had been blessed. I prayed to find a way to show them that they could trust me with their secrets. I prayed aloud. Tears welled in my eyes. And in that gray dawn, as I kneeled in the garden, my prayers were heard by an elder of the village who had entered unobserved.

"The next day I was called before the council. They spoke of many unfortunates who came seeking aid for arthritis, rheumatism, sleeplessness, constipation, tension, weakness—the list was endless. None were turned away without an invitation to live there and revitalize their sick bodies through the amazing customs and natural resources of the villagers. But none were found worthy of trust. The council never revealed their secrets. They waited a long time. But now, if I agreed not to reveal their identity, they would tell me all I wished to know. I agreed to disclose only what they desired.

THE HIDDEN SECRETS

"They told me of their amazing health laws and ability to keep at the peak of health. Then, reverently, they revealed still another secret, their **Christta-Plan**, a constant symbol of their search for the hidden secrets of man's mind and body. This was the one secret they had chosen to allow me to reveal to my people. I was amazed. In addition to their normal practices of healthful living, every day they took a small amount of a powder, made from a secret formula. This was part of their wondrous **Christta-Plan** created to extend nu-tri-ti-tory potency, strength and power. They gave me all the details.

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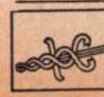

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"I CRIED MY WAY THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL"

continued

College after high school, majored there in theatre arts and psychology and, as an amateur psychologist, has theories about the appeal of the "Margie" show.

"The period of the 1920's," she says, "has always had an attraction for people as long as I can remember. We had a 'Twenties' party when I was in high school, and boys and girls who were usually too inhibited to take part in anything relaxed and had a wonderful time.

"The 1920's interest people because they were so different from today. When you put on clothes from the Twenties, it's like being in a play—you become somebody else. It's an escapist thing. I think, too, the boys and girls who grew up then were not only more carefree than young people are now—they were less worldly. People were provincial, because travel was difficult. The teenager's home town was his world, because he'd never been anywhere else. Young people worried about their immediate, local problems, but not about the whole world. Or, at least, that's how it seems to me. It must have been a wonderful time.

"Basically, though, boys and girls were the same in the Twenties as now. Girls cried about boys and worried because they didn't have the latest fads in clothes. And, I guess, boys worried about whatever boys worry about now."

Cynthia isn't averse to being typed as a teenager. With Debbie Reynolds as an example, why should she be? Her only confessed, unrealized ambitions are to play in a musical comedy and to meet Cary Grant.

The second dream more or less proves her theory . . . all girls basically are the same.

Not every girl has wanted to play in musical comedy. But to meet Cary Grant? Wow!

END

Of Course It Was A Boy

continued from page 14

get restless. As she said, "All right, let's have the baby now."

"One thing is sure," she exclaimed positively, "the baby will be born before Christmas! I just know it will."

The doctor thought it would be too, but he could give her no particular reassurance. As he tried to explain, babies, especially the first ones, often are erratic as far as keeping a schedule is concerned. However, he thought December 20 would be about the right figuring.

"I'll have my baby before then," Sandra said—and that was that.

She was right, for on December 16 at 2:19 a.m., young Dodd Mitchell Darin opened his dark blue eyes, his dark hair curling on his forehead, and greeted the world.

Sandra was right on another score. She had always insisted the baby would be a boy. In fact, she was so certain, that of all the countless clothes she bought, only one thing was pink. Everything else was blue. She even bought an Eton suit, a year-old in size, and this she purchased, along with most of the other things, approximately two weeks after she knew she was going to have a baby.

Mary Donovan, Sandra's mother, kept telling her she shouldn't plan so heavily on a boy, for she would be too disappointed if she didn't get her wish. As for Bobby, it didn't matter to him. He just wanted a healthy baby, a family of his own, and he'd be happy with either a boy or a girl. Towards the end of her pregnancy, Sandra also had agreed that all that mattered was that the baby was well. Then she added, "But I just know it's going to be a boy."

In short, Sandra had everything perfectly organized. She knew what she wanted—and she got it.

About ten days before Dodd was born, Sandra had all of her things ready for the hospital. The nursery was in perfect shape, it being the only room in the house that had been finished during the Darins' redecorating spree. It is done in blue and white. The bassinette is a pale yellow with tiers of eyelet ruffles, the crib is white, the drapes are awning-like stripes of blue and white, most of the furniture is white, and there are cute lamps and figurines around to give atmosphere.

Not one to sit and wait, Sandra kept busy those last days with Christmas shopping and wrapping packages. But each day seemed long and endless. Then, on a Friday afternoon, she was at her mother's working on Christmas details. Suddenly, she stopped what she was doing and said, "I think I'd better get home, Mother. I want to get Bobby to take me to the hospital."

There was no frantic dashing about as far as Sandra was concerned, but Mary got in a bit of a tizzy. Sandra went home, called the doctor, and was told to get right to the hospital. It was a generally hectic session, with Mary and Bobby displaying the most "nerves."

"You aren't afraid, are you?" Sandra was asked.

"Afraid! Why should I be?" she retorted.

Nobody expected Sandra to have an easy time in delivery, but there were no complications, no difficulties, and Sandra acted as though she had gone through this many times before.

When she came to, she asked at once to see her baby. A little later, he was brought into her room and the glow in Sandra's eyes, the way her face radiated complete happiness is something seen only on the faces of new mothers. Sandra said softly, "Look, my baby isn't all wrinkled the way you hear new babies are. He's pink and beautiful." Then, to her mother, she said, "I'm a mother now—and you're a grandmother." Bobby's only comment was, "I feel 15 feet tall."

Bobby was ecstatic. He had filled the room with flowers. Wires from many friends were all over. One of the first came from Ross Hunter, who has produced most of Sandra's pictures. It read: "Report to work tomorrow."

While she was in the hospital, she was on the phone most of the time receiving and placing calls. She was only there for three days but they seemed far too long to her. She wanted to get home so she could start taking care of the baby.

When she did get home, the nursery, filled with flowers, greeted her and the baby. There was also a little Christmas tree Bobby had bought for Dodd's first Christmas. Almost at once, Sandra began taking care of the baby and she surprised her mother and Bobby with her efficiency. As her mother said, "You'd have thought she had had five babies before."

For a while, Sandra kept asking her mother all kinds of questions about the baby. This was not a new approach—she had been as inquisitive before the baby was born. She tried to find out how her mother had taken care of her when she was little and Mary would only say she couldn't remember. This prompted Sandra to remark one day, "Mother, are you sure you had me?"

She also asked the doctor for endless information. Not satisfied with what she was told, she began to read every book she could find on the subject of the care of babies. Finally, her doctor told her to stop reading.

"You're already far beyond what you'll ever have to know," he grinned. "You're not going to be an obstetrician—just a mother."

So Sandra began her new career with more than a little knowledge lurking behind her.

Those who have seen Sandra with her baby are convinced she's going to be a good mother. And nobody has any doubts about Bobby's acceptance of his father role. To him, a family has always meant everything. He had a close relationship with his own family and home was always a meaningful thing to him. As a boy, he didn't have too much, materially speaking, but he had a lot of love. Things weren't easy for his folks. Consequently, he wants everything for Dodd, especially a big yard where he can play. When Bobby was young, the streets were his play yard. He also wants the baby to have an understanding of people and a good education.

(*continued on page 58*)

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OF COURSE IT WAS A BOY

continued

Bobby was a good student himself. He even won a scholarship. As for Sandra, her schooling was mostly at the school on the Universal-International lot, but she proved to be a straight A student, especially accomplished in French, psychology, and science. In fact, her teacher, recognizing her thirst for knowledge, gave her extra reading to do beyond the actual requirements.

Naturally, Dodd will get his proper share of discipline, and most of her friends expect Sandra to do more disciplining than Bobby. She has had so much out of life already, she has been given so much that she doesn't want her baby to be spoiled. She also feels that a child respects his parents more if he is taught the meaning of "No," along with a generous giving of love.

"Our baby will be with us wherever we go, though," Sandra said, looking radiant, her former baby face having given way to a new kind of maturity. "We're not going to leave him with nurses while we go waltzing around. Bobby has to go to New York soon to fill some club dates, and Dodd and I are going along. I want Bobby's folks—and mine—to see Dodd anyway.

"Actually, Bobby is going to do less club work from now on because he wants to be home more. Pictures are less demanding too. While I intend to go on working, I won't be making as many pictures as I used to. I have something else in my life now."

While Bobby and Sandra are both working in "If A Man Answers," they have set up a schedule so they will have a good deal of time with the baby. In the morning, before they go to the studio, they're going to be with the baby, dressing him, feeding him his breakfast. Then they will get home in time in the evening to give him his bath, get him ready for bed. This is one child that won't be farmed out for a nurse to take care of. He will know his parents love him.

And so a marriage that many thought wouldn't last but a few months is entering into a more solid phase. With a baby to bind them and their love even stronger, Sandra and Bobby Darin seem headed for happiness of an enduring kind. Both have submerged their own interests in the child. Both think more of each other now because of the baby. Both have found a world they never knew existed before. Gone is the impulsive Sandra of a couple of years ago, and the real sensitivity of Bobby is now open for all to see.

Dodd Mitchell has worked wonders with his parents already. **END**

Sheilah Graham's Intimate Gossip

continued from page 10

Sir Laurence Olivier's naming his son Dickie was for his brother who died a few years ago. There is a big gap in age between Dickie and Olivier's other son, 25-year-old Tarquin—and isn't that a beautiful name? . . . When India's Prime Minister Nehru was informed by producer Sy Weintraub that he planned to team his new Tarzan, Jock Mahoney, with a bona fide India princess, Nehru replied, "That should make very good box-office." I think it will.

I'm betting that Anita Ekberg will follow Rod Taylor to Hollywood. The star of the deceased "Hong Kong" series has a natural charm for the ladies. I've heard so many rave about the boy . . . People who have seen her recently tell me that Ava Gardner has never looked so attractive or tranquil! And she's in the mood to work again. She'll be very dramatic in "The Jackals," and dies at the end. A good death scene is often good for an Oscar . . . Eddie Albert, who played a surgeon in "The Young Doctor," has been sending friends a "Do-it-yourself brain surgery" kit . . . Tony Randall stretched and hurt his back. But he won't go into the hospital—not after what happened to poor Jeff Chandler . . . And William Holden is looking for the person who started the stories that he has some serious malady. Insurance companies, he says, are now subjecting him to the most thorough health examinations. "They seem disappointed when they can't find anything wrong with him," says Bill.

Richard Beymer finally caught up with his performance in "West Side Story" at the Command Performance in London. Incidentally, Dick and Dany Saval, the luscious Parisienne to whom he was engaged, have called the whole thing off. He's been having dates with Sharon Tate, an aspiring actress, in Italy . . . In Jerusalem, the movie theatre ushers went on strike because they couldn't bear to see the same film three times a day. How many movies can *you see* twice? . . . There have been some persistent rumors that all is not well with the Mickey Rooneys. Oh no, not another divorce! . . . Sandra Dee has been getting in shape to resume her career. She wasn't at all well, preceding the birth of her baby. But she is okay now. Bobby Darin, by the way, has been composing some enchanting lullabies to sing to his son . . . I wonder when young Paul Anka will take the marriage plunge. Paul is rich enough to support several wives.

What goes on with ex-Queen Soraya? She's like a starlet when it comes to dating and going to parties. Hugh O'Brian didn't like it at all when he read in faraway New York that Soraya was dining and wining with George Nader, Lang Jeffries, and George Hamilton. She's a beautiful lady, but hasn't she been rather overdoing it? . . . Barbara Stanwyck, like June Allyson, has a weight problem. She can't gain. Barbara, who is fairly tall, can't get beyond 105 pounds. June's limit is ten pounds less. I wish that I had this kind of a problem!

The younger generation of actors now includes Ray Milland's son, Danny, who originally planned to be an engineer. Danny has his own apartment near the Warner Bros. studio. His mother is keeping a scrap book for him, and a story I wrote is on page one. But Danny will find it isn't that easy to be a movie star, especially when your father has been famous . . . Montgomery Clift can now hypnotize his friends. Monty learned how while playing "Freud" for John Huston . . . Talking of Huston, this is typical of him. He paid a mere $10,000 for his castle in Ireland. And spent $750,000 doing it over! John keeps 15 horses, and rides to hounds with the Galway Blazers. He turned his billiard room into a Japanese bath and as usual has a glorious time. This man knows how to live.

James MacArthur told mother Helen Hayes that he plans to live permanently in Hollywood—"There's more work for me here," he explained. Wife Joyce Bulifant landed an acting job three days after they arrived in town. "They try to poison me, and I end up hanging myself," she told me blissfully . . . Nothing shy about Nick Adams. "I'm glad to be in pictures where I can play Nick Adams," quoth he at a recent party . . . According to Alan Young, "It's better for people to ask 'Why aren't you on the air,' than 'Why are you on the air?'" . . . The ads for this year's Oscar hopefuls will be on the dignified side. I should hope so, after last year's vulgarity . . . And Natalie Wood, a strong contender because of "Splendor In The Grass," states she will not campaign at all. Elizabeth Taylor didn't last year, and look what happened. Of course, Liz had an assist from the sympathy following her dangerous illness. Natalie doesn't want to go *that* far.

Rock Hudson revealed recently that while he hates his screen name of Rock, "It could have been worse. There was talk of 'Crash' or 'Brick.'" This is a favorite game in Hollywood, inventing fantastic names. But I'll bet that if anyone had suggested calling an actor Jack Lemmon, he would have been told, "It will never catch on." As you know, they *did* try to change Jack's surname. But he held firm and fast. And while a lemon by any other name would have smelled as sweet, I can't image, Jack with any other, can you? **END**

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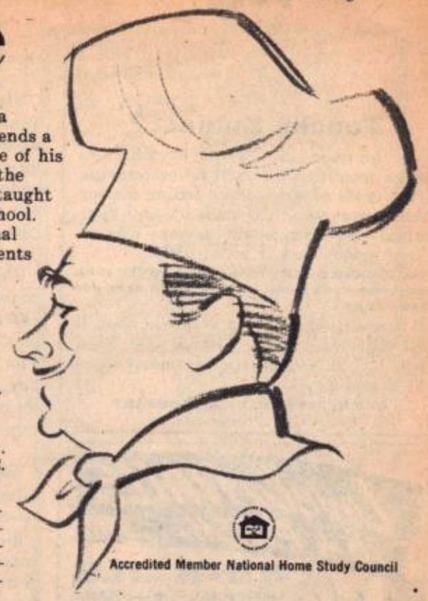

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Hollywood Confidential

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exactly where it was in '45," she says.

Martha Hyer in "A Girl Named Tamiko" has 18 costume changes designed by Edith Head, and Martha says they're the "most glamourous, dressed or undressed" she's ever worn. Seems in one scene she wears a mink-lined trench coat—over nothing else!

Peter Mann's parents bought 100—count 'em—seats for the New York charity premiere of "Pocketful Of Miracles" in which he made his film debut. The date also happened to be his birthday, so the whole group of his "most intimate friends" went on to a big birthday bash for him at Sardi's.

Bob Newhart is not only a serious-minded young man but inclined to be a pessimist. He rents his apartment here with 13-week options, same like his TV contract! But we don't think he need worry about his TV future. You'll also be seeing him in Paramount's "Hell Is For Heroes" soon. Bob is a "golf nut" and says any time he has away from his work he spends at the Bel-Air Country Club, and that's why he doesn't date. He denies that his contract stipulates he must remain a bachelor, adding, "I don't know how that silly story got started."

Doug McClure and Barbara Luna had a very quiet, dignified and "un-Hollywood" wedding at the home of his parents in Pacific Palisades. Their honeymoon had to be postponed because of his "Checkmate" schedule and now Barbara may be going into "Bye, Bye Birdie." They've leased a home in the Hollywood Hills.

More wedding bells: Lorne Greene, who once complained he never won the girl in his "Bonanza" series, has better luck in real life. He married pretty young actress Nancy Ann Deale . . . Penny Parker of "Margie" eloped to Las Vegas with Edward Bright, a Beverly Hills business man.

Deborah Walley has concluded Hollywood is the place for her, will make this her permanent home instead of New York. And well she might! She'll repeat her Gidget role in "G. Goes To Paris" and is also slated for "Diamond Head." You'll be seeing her in Disney's "Bon Voyage" soon. Her new heart interest is John "Straightaway" Ashley. **END**

Is She A "Perfect" Wife?

continued from page 28

but it wants heroes and heroines to pin its dreams on. Today the President and his wife appear to be symbols of America's dream of perfection.

Jackie is not to blame for the fact that America has taken her to its heart, not simply as a glamourous and intelligent First Lady, who is also a good mother—but as a woman who can do virtually nothing wrong.

She has never made such preposterous claims for herself. But some of the news gatherers, catering to the public mood, have painted a much too one-sided picture of Jacqueline. In this picture she emerges not as a human wife with human flaws, but as the embodiment of all the virtues.

I admire the man and woman in the White House. But I'm getting fed up with the legend that Jackie is a perfect wife—and that all anybody needs to do to assure perfect happiness in marriage is to copy her.

Let's look first at the legends—and then at the reality.

The legend: That Jacqueline Kennedy always puts her husband's interests first; that she is tremendously wrapped up in politics, and is always by her husband's side in the White House.

The truth: Jackie often puts her children's interests first. She realizes that when the children are at the White House, they cannot escape the prying of newspapermen and photographers. She feels that trying to insure some privacy for them is more important than being with the President on all important state occasions.

Whenever possible, Jackie gets away for weekends with the children. A newspaperman figured out that during the month of March 1961, she spent only eight days at the White House. The rest of the time she was away from the hub of her husband's activities.

Jackie does not consider it important to bone up on every phase of politics so that she can discuss all the political problems with her husband.

Her brother-in-law, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, said, "Jackie has always kept her own identity. That's important in a woman. What husband wants to come home and talk to another version of himself? Jack knows she'll never greet him with, 'What's new in Laos?' "

Jackie herself admits that she rarely discusses politics with her husband. She told a reporter, "I think the best thing I can do is to be a distraction. A politician lives and breathes politics all day long. If he comes home to more table-thumping, how can the poor man ever relax?"

She also once said to a foreign newsman, "I am Jack's wife. I am not the head of his cabinet."

Sometimes she carries her desire to stay out of too much political discussion to an extreme. At some rallies she has sat in a corner reading a favorite book.

Still, the true picture of Jackie is better than the legend of "the perfect wife." If Jackie were as brilliant about politics as the legend implies, she and not her husband would be the proper President for the White House!

The legend: She comes close to being a certified egghead who speaks French, Spanish and Italian fluently and reads voraciously in history, biography and current affairs.

The truth: Jackie is a good linguist. Her reading matter is not always as highbrow as the legend implies. In her leisure time, she will often skip the heavy books and read amusing or exciting novels.

The legend: Her interests and those of her husband are very similar.

The truth: How could they be? Her greatest interests are in music and art, culture, decoration, her children, and to some extent, fashions. When it will help her husband, she dutifully tries to show an interest in politics. But her real feelings were revealed one day when she met an old friend at Hyannisport. Her eyes lit up. She said, "Why didn't you tell me you were in town? It's wonderful to see you! When I think of all those awful politicians!"

When she visited New York with her sister, she spent most of her time shopping and looking at avant-garde paintings.

The legend: Marriage is her career. "She Didn't Want to Be One, but Jackie's a Model Wife" (from the headlines in the "Los Angeles Mirror"). Jackie is a perfect housewife.

The truth: Jackie is smart enough to realize that no woman can do everything. Many women take too seriously the idea that a woman can be glamourous, a perfect housewife, a perfect mother, a perfect hostess, etc. Trying to be perfect at everything, they exhaust themselves. We must never forget that Jackie has a large well-trained staff of servants. Women who are lucky if they can have a cleaning woman come in once a month needn't expect to accomplish everything Jackie does.

Jackie finds time to romp with her children, go in for athletic activities like water skiing, supervise the redecorating of the White House, entertain visiting dignitaries and friends of the President and herself, and supervise the household affairs of the White House. Other women can learn a lot from Jackie's methods for organizing her time. Long before she became First Lady, Jackie had this gift for managing a home with great efficiency. Robert Kennedy's wife, Ethel, said once, "Jackie's house in Georgetown was such heaven and so well organized I always got depressed going back to this madhouse." (She was referring to her own home in Virginia.) "The wheels go round constantly in Jackie's head."

Jackie applies businesslike methods to homemaking. For instance, take shopping. Women often go to supermarkets with no adequate idea of what they really need. No wonder shopping takes them hours—and then they discover later that they bought a lot of stuff they didn't need and failed to buy what they did need.

Just as a businessman keeps an inventory, Jackie keeps lists on cards and in looseleaf notebooks of supplies that are on hand in the pantry. If she needs anything, she puts it down on a list. She also keeps clever lists showing what she has served to popular and frequent guests, so that she won't keep serving the same thing to the same person over and over again.

Jackie's been criticized for concentrating too heavily on French menus in view of the fact that the President prefers good American menus. There have been times when she has done this. Still, she takes an interest in seeing to it that her husband is served good, healthy, well-balanced meals. Though she herself prefers French cuisine, when she discovered that her husband was getting fed up on such dishes, she saw to it that the menu was frequently something simple and nourishing, like a good home made soup, a roast and fresh vegetables, or a potato or noodle casserole.

Luella R. Hennessey, the nurse who took care of 17 babies in the Kennedy family, recalls that when the President and Jackie were alone, she rarely talked about world affairs, but would ask him, "Jack, are you taking time out for regular meals? Are you getting enough sleep? What does Caroline say about the baby?" This was when Jackie was in the hospital, recovering from the birth of her second child, John, Jr.

Of course, Jackie has excellent cooks to see that meals are prepared and served to perfection. But she herself plans the menus, and when she's at home, she sees to it that they give her husband enough energy to carry him through his rigorous responsibilities.

When her husband was a Senator, she used to send over hot lunches to his office in the Senate Office Building. Someone once asked her why she bothered, since he could order lunch from the Senate building. She smiled and said, "I just want to make sure I don't lose him."

Is this the portrait of a perfect housewife?

Yes, in some ways it is. But it is only

(*continued on page 62*)

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IS SHE A "PERFECT" WIFE?

continued

the portrait of a perfect housewife *with a fine staff of servants*. It would be absurd to claim that if Jackie, like the average woman, could count on only a minimum of household help, she would still be able to run her household perfectly and do everything else she does.

Even when she was a Senator's wife, Jackie was smart enough to realize that something's got to give. No woman can do everything and Jackie didn't try to. She knew that it was an almost unwritten law that all the Senator's wives got together for lunch every month. No Senator's wife before Jackie had ever defied this rule. But Jackie violated it. She was and is smart enough to pick the things she thinks are important and do those —and drop the rest.

The legend: Jackie is a perfect hostess.

The truth: This legend comes close to being true. Jackie is a gifted hostess. Part of the secret is that she tries to avoid the too-large dinner parties that some of her predecessors attempted. She wisely limits most of her entertaining to anywhere from eight to twelve guests. At diplomatic receptions Jackie sees to it that there is appropriate music, logs in the fireplaces, flowers carefully arranged. Jackie actually is an almost perfect exponent of the art of gracious living. She doesn't believe that flowers should be arranged for the home by professional florists; then the arrangements look too professional, she feels. She tries to arrange flowers so that they will look well from any angle. Instead of having one big centerpiece, she scatters small vases of flowers graciously through a room. The effect, one guest said, is that the flowers always look as though the lady of the house had taken a personal interest in them and had arranged each flower personally.

In one respect, however, Jackie's parties are not those of the perfect wife. Theoretically a wife should concentrate on entertaining those people who will be most important to her husband's life or whom he likes best. To their dinner parties Jackie invites not only the important statesmen she feels she and the President should entertain, but musicians, writers, and artists. At one time her husband was not as enthusiastic about artists as Jackie. Art is still more of a cultivated than a natural taste with him. Sometimes, at the dinner table, the President will talk about politics with statesmen, while Jackie is discussing art or antiques or the latest book at her end of the table.

The President, some friends say, has always loved crowds; might like larger parties than the small, intimate, candlelit dinners Jackie prefers. But he lets her have her way in the social domain. One happy result of limiting the dinner parties is that the Kennedys are able to speak to every guest personally.

The legend: Jackie is always perfectly dressed for every occasion.

The truth: She usually is well-dressed. The First Lady is smart enough never to overdress. But she has on occasion forgotten that as the First Lady she must present a perfect picture of decorum. In this respect she is like a movie star who must never appear in public without looking glamourous.

Occasionally Jackie has worn the wrong thing. If you and I were to go to church hatless, it might cause a little comment, but would soon be forgotten. When the First Lady does it—as she did at least once—she is hurting the image we expect of her and that her husband has a right to expect—that of a woman of impeccably good taste.

When the President and his wife visited Rome together, Italy's leading designer, Emilio Schuberth, felt that America's First Lady showed entirely too much of her knees. "The first lady of America is elegant," he wrote, "but she should wear longer skirts. The kneecap is always anti-aesthetic, even when one has beautiful legs, such as those of Sophia Loren or Marlene Dietrich."

Mr. Schuberth hinted he didn't think Jackie's legs were that lovely. "So why does the first lady of America leave her kneecaps uncovered?"

Some may say he was just carping. When Jackie does anything that merits criticism, it indirectly reflects on her husband. This is a tough spot to be in. However, I doubt if it worries the President. When he and Jackie were first married, he was not a meticulous dresser, and it was Jackie who taught him to take a greater interest in clothes. Italy's criticism of Jackie probably amused him. In France she was a decided hit, and the French people acclaimed her good looks, her clothes, and her hairdo. They called her "la belle Zhakee."

In fact, Jackie attracted so much favorable attention in France that when the President spoke before the Paris press club, he said laughingly. "I do not feel it inappropriate for me to introduce myself. I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris."

The legend: The marriage of Jack and Jackie has always been idyllically happy. There has never been any rough sailing for these two.

The truth: Oh, come on! What marriage ever was like that? Certainly not the Kennedys'! In the early years of their marriage they had many adjustments to make. Her husband liked American dishes best; Jackie loved to serve French foods. He had only a mild interest in how he dressed, and even wore tennis shoes to the Senate. Jackie was sometimes irked by his lack of interest in his appearance. She was even more irked by the fact that he showed little interest in art and music. He probably wondered how so brilliant an "egghead" could know so little about politics, and about political science.

Matters came to a head when John Kennedy was unexpectedly defeated for the nomination for the vice-presidency. He was tired, blue and irritable. He and his family had thrown themselves into this campaign with all their fervor and all their energy. And then had come this big disappointment!

Jackie, who was in the middle of a difficult pregnancy, had not been able to join in the campaign. But she thought her husband would come home to her for solace. She was prepared to be the distraction she felt a man in politics needed. She was ready to lay aside her own problems and comfort him.

He preferred not to share his unhappiness, but decided to leave for the Riviera.

Jackie wasn't well enough to go with him. There were rumors that this was a trial separation. Jackie went to her mother's home in Newport.

While her husband was away, Jackie had a miscarriage. She was deathly ill. As soon as he learned what had happened, her husband rushed back to America and visited Jackie in the hospital. He was by her side constantly. He brushed aside his past disappointment in politics as inconsequential. All that mattered was Jackie's recovery and the renewal of their marriage.

He was eager to do anything he could to help bring happiness to Jackie.

They must have talked over their differences, because John Kennedy and Jackie both changed after her hospital stay. She began to take a greater interest in political science (she took a course in it), and he began to take a great interest in art. Jackie also told him that she felt they'd been spending too much time with his parents.

They'd been in the habit of dining with the senior Kennedys almost every night. They cut this down to once a week. This gave them more privacy.

Jackie discovered that she didn't have to conform to all the customs and ideas of the older Kennedys. She was free to be herself. When she and the Kennedys went on a picnic on a sloop together, the Kennedys ate from a hamper containing such American foods as hamburger and Cokes; Jackie's hamper contained French goodies.

When Joeseph Kennedy ribbed her, instead of remaining quiet, she learned to rib him back. The result was delightful. Her in-laws liked her better for being herself.

The legend: There is perfect "togetherness" between the President and Jackie.

The truth: If President Kennedy and Jackie were constantly together, she would be a detriment to his work as President, instead of an asset. Long ago, Jackie reconciled herself to the fact that she could not have a husband in public life and at the same time have him a constant companion.

Jackie realizes she cannot always be with her husband. In fact, they weren't even together on their most recent anniversary. Knowing it would be difficult for them to be together on their actual anniversary, they celebrated it early by spending a weekend together at their summer home in Hyannisport, Massachusetts.

Jackie believes that her most important responsibility in life is seeing that her children lead a happy, normal life. She is rarely away from the children; leaves them with trusted nurses only when the occasion is urgent.

When the President was busy consulting a top authority about atomic testing, Jackie was walking across the White House yard with Caroline. The nurse pushed John Jr.'s buggy. Also, while the President was engrossed in official duties, Jackie played with Caroline in her white playhouse.

She probably spends more of her time with the children than with her husband. Is this the mark of a perfect or imperfect wife? It depends on your viewpoint as to what a perfect wife is. Some marriage authorities suggest sacrificing time with the children in order to spend more time with your husband. Jackie doesn't do this—and the President probably would not like it if she did.

Jackie isn't mad about the idea of making constant public appearances at her husband's side, or traveling with him everywhere, but does it whenever he asks her to or when she feels she should. When her husband paid his first official visit to a foreign country—Canada—she went with him. In Canada she won friends and influenced people, including the Governor General and the Prime Minister. She and the President both took part in such ceremonies as digging a few spadefuls of dirt to help plant trees on the grounds of Government House.

Jackie also accompanied her husband to Paris, Vienna and London. But after the President had to leave Europe to go back to the United States, Jackie lingered in London for a visit with her sister and brother-in-law, Princess Radziwill and Prince Radziwill, and then

(*continued on page 64*)

Answer To Crossword Puzzle

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IS SHE A "PERFECT" WIFE?
continued

accompanied them on a trip to Greece.

The legend: There is perfect communication between her husband and Jackie. They tell each other everything. And their understanding of each other is perfect, too.

The truth: Almost every marriage has a flaw. No good marriage is ever perfect. And this is one of the flaws in the marriage of President Kennedy and Jackie.

When John Kennedy was a Senator and decided to undergo a difficult, dangerous operation to help reduce the pain from his back injury, Jackie stayed by his bedside, comforting him, doing her best to hide her fears. Inwardly frightened, she remained outwardly calm.

During his convalescence, Jackie did everything she could to nurse him back to health. He acknowledged how wonderful she had been in his dedication of his book, "Profiles In Courage."

Since Jackie had helped her husband so much during his illness, you would think that when a resurgence of the back trouble struck him, he would have turned to her again. However, he decided to keep the bad news from her. During their travels together in Europe last year (1961) he was extremely casual about his back trouble; he urged her to go ahead with her plans for a vacation in Greece. And Jackie went.

If she were the perfect wife legend paints her as being, Jackie would have known that the President was suffering agony, and refused to leave his side. But he did such a good job of concealing his suffering that she was able to leave him, without too much worry.

Only after he came back to Washington, did the nation discover what the President had concealed from Jackie—that he'd been in great pain. Though his conduct was heroic, shouldn't the perfect wife have seen through the act he put on?

The answer, of course, is that Jackie is a fine woman but not a perfect wife.

Is this terrible? Is it so disillusioning that the First Lady of the land is not perfect?

The whole idea of trying to be perfect is nonsense. Prominent psychologists have said that the attempt to be perfect wives is turning a lot of women into helpless neurotics. To help such women, Dr. Harold J. Hoxie of the Glendale Medical Center wrote out a list of suggestions for perfectionists. He included this statement: "This is not a perfect world. Families and friends have plenty of foibles. Perfection is rarely attained, so be satisfied with less. Be efficient, yes, but not to the extent that perfection becomes a burden."

Jackie Kennedy is not a perfect wife. She is not a perfect woman.

Let's stop this idolatry. It is nonsense, and will eventually make life more difficult for her. No woman—not even our wonderful First Lady—can live up to the unattainable standards she is supposed to have reached.

Jackie Kennedy is a good wife, but not a perfect one—thank Heaven for that. How could any human being—even the President of the United States—stand a perfect woman?

If any man were married to such a woman, he would be happy to get rid of her, and settle for a warm human being with plenty of faults.

The President can thank his lucky stars that he is *not* married to a perfect woman or a perfect wife. **END**

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To the first 50 readers who fill out this coupon and mail it to us, Silver Screen will give $1.00 each. At the same time, you'll have the satisfaction of voting for your favorite stars of movies, TV and records, and helping us to plan our magazine.—The Editors

• **Paste ballot below on a postal card and mail it to Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 355 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.**

My favorite **MEN STARS** are:	My favorite **WOMEN STARS** are:
(1) _____	(1) _____
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(5) _____	(5) _____

The features I like best in this issue of Silver Screen

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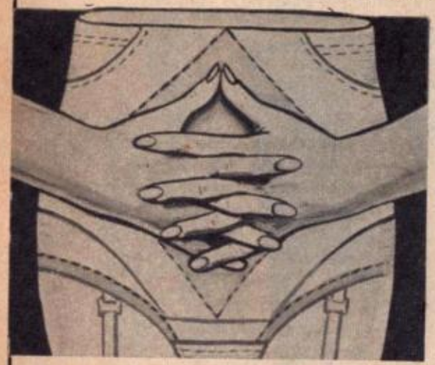
Look at the illustrations and see how new Tummy-Slim works. Magically you look and feel better — alive — full of confidence in your restored appearance.



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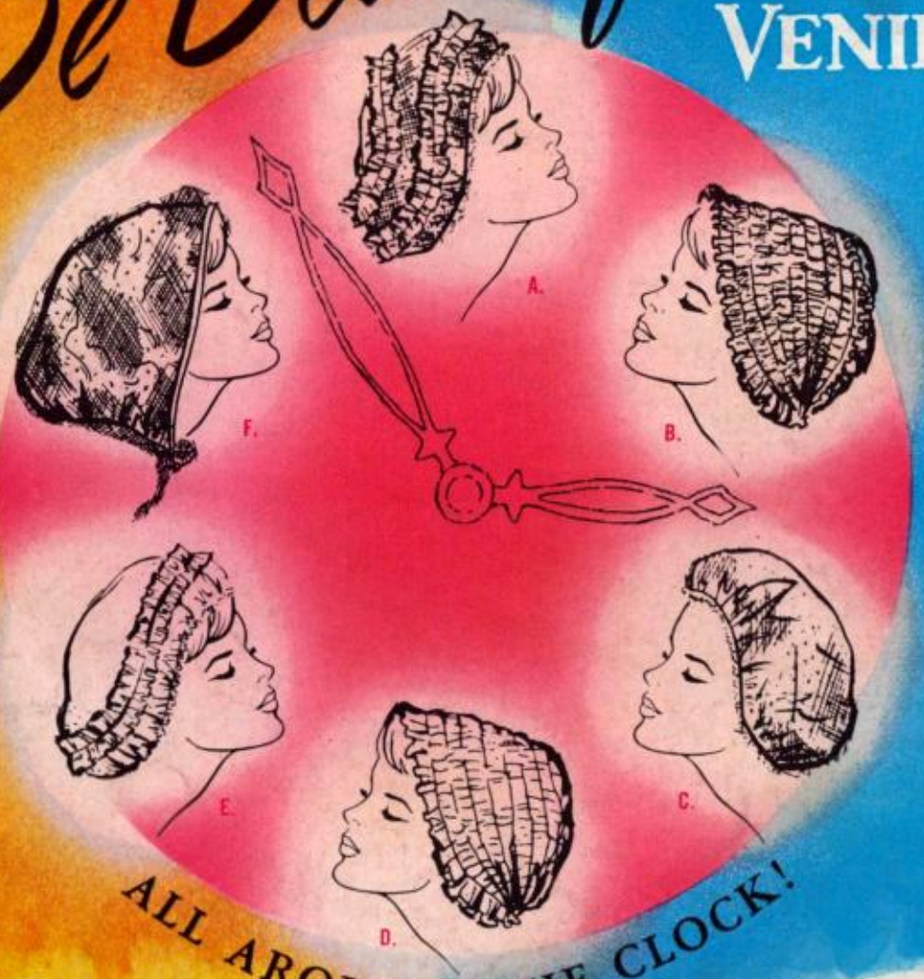

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